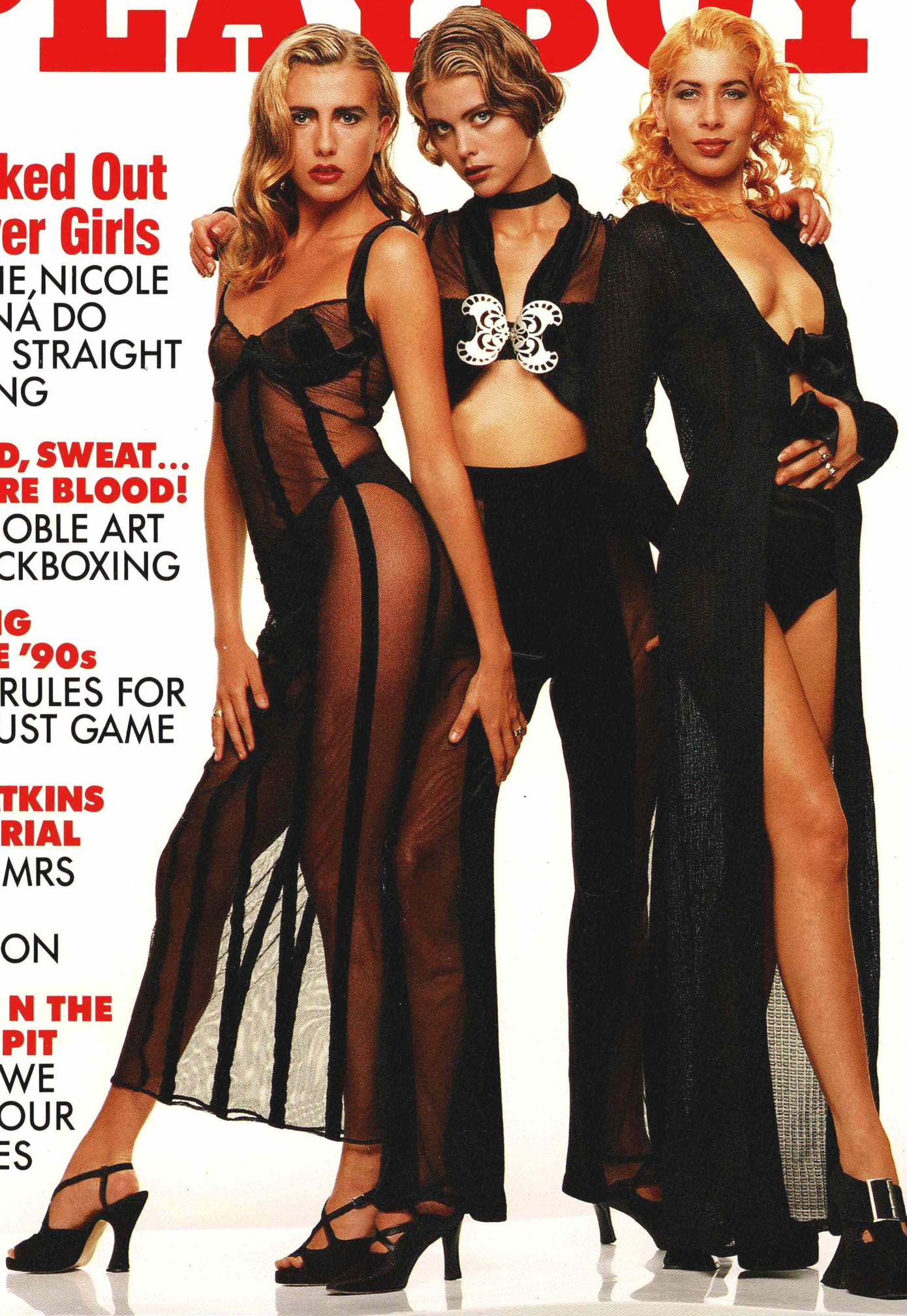
JULY 1992

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

NEW ZEALAND $6.95 (Inc GST)
$5.95 *



Freaked Out Flower Girls
SOPHIE, NICOLE & FIONA DO SOME STRAIGHT TALKING

BLOOD, SWEAT... & MORE BLOOD!
THE NOBLE ART OF KICKBOXING

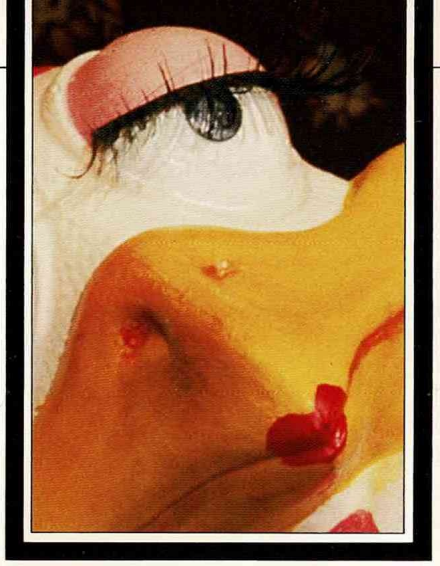
DATING IN THE '90s
NEW RULES FOR THE LUST GAME

LYN ATKINS PICTORIAL
MEET MRS BLUE LAGOON

BOYZ N THE BEAR PIT
WHY WE HATE OUR POLLIES

PP 224792/0002 Print Post Approved Vol 7 of 12

CHICK OF THE YEAR.
MISS CAMRY.
MISS CAMRY



NAME Twin Camry

MEASUREMENTS 9.5 litre/100 km city cycle
6.8 litre/100 km highway cycle

BIRTH PLACE Melbourne, Australia

AMBITIONS To save money. To travel. And to stay Australia's No. 1 model in my class.

TURN ONS Going for a long run. Winning the 1992 Energy Challenge.

TURN OFFS Old fashioned cars that smoke or drink too much. Men in uniform.

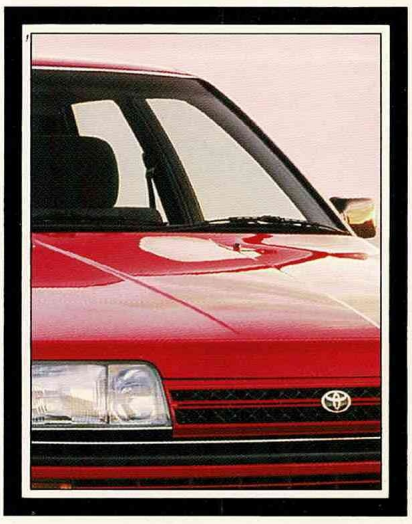
FAVOURITE MUSICIAN Chick Corea.

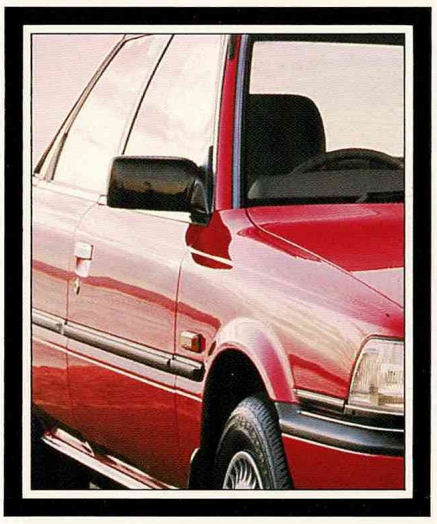
FAVOURITE MOVIE The Birdman of Alcatraz.

MR RIGHT Someone who enjoys performance with lots of grunt. Oh what a feeling.

STAR SIGN ♉ Toyota.

PHONE NUMBER 008 032255 Call me this weekend and we'll go for a ride.





*Camry CSi 4cyl Auto.

Saatchi's TY1703

A diamond is forever.

You've got the rest of your lives to be sensible.

A diamond engagement ring. A month's salary that lasts forever.
For more information write to the Diamond Information Centre, 234 Sussex Street, Sydney, NSW.

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

CONTENTS

freaked out flower girls p.18

july 1992 cover fiona ruttelle, sophie lee and nicole love

7 **letters** some interesting reactions, though we do say it ourselves.

9 **sex adviser** confused by man's basic instinct? let us explain.

12 **showbiz** news, gossip and profiles, plus music, video and movie reviews.

18 **playboy interview: the freaked out flower children** sophie, nicole and fiona revealed.

26 **boyz n the bearpit** why do we hate our pollies? where do we begin!

32 **lyn's back** the girl who ran away with the boy from the blue lagoon — lovelier than ever.

40 **the kicking fields** kickboxing's 10 per cent blood . . . and 90 per cent haemoglobin!

44 **acting up** july playmate cady cantrell gets a taste of the limelight.

58 **dating in the '90s** high anxiety going-out is out. so why's everyone so nervous?

64 **rodeo-active** there's broncs, bulls and cowgirls . . . and when all else fails, they send in the clowns.

70 **20 questions: forest whitaker** he's the biggest black star in hollywood — literally.

74 **flirty girl** meet miriam — her taste in lingerie is almost indecent.

80 **sport** the dream team and the weekend yachties head for barcelona — but which weight-lifters will make it?

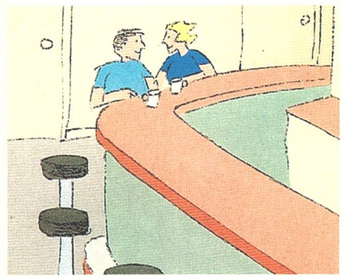
86 **double vision** she stood in for julia roberts. now shelley michelle stands up for herself.

92 **ohm alone** at last, an electric car that works. but is it practical?

96 **many hands make lights work** catch up with the latest in hand-held computer games.

98 **mixed doubles** after the tennis match was over, the love game began!

102 **parting shots** just a few rib-ticklers before we sign off.

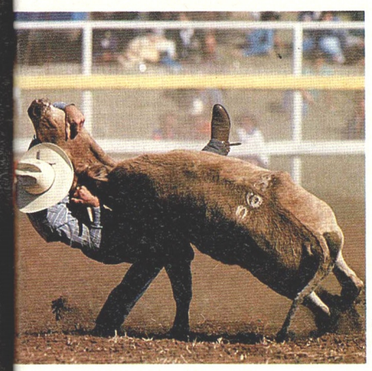


dating p.58

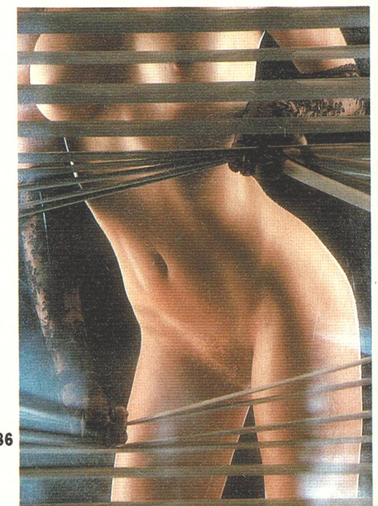
computer games p.96

lovely lyn p.32

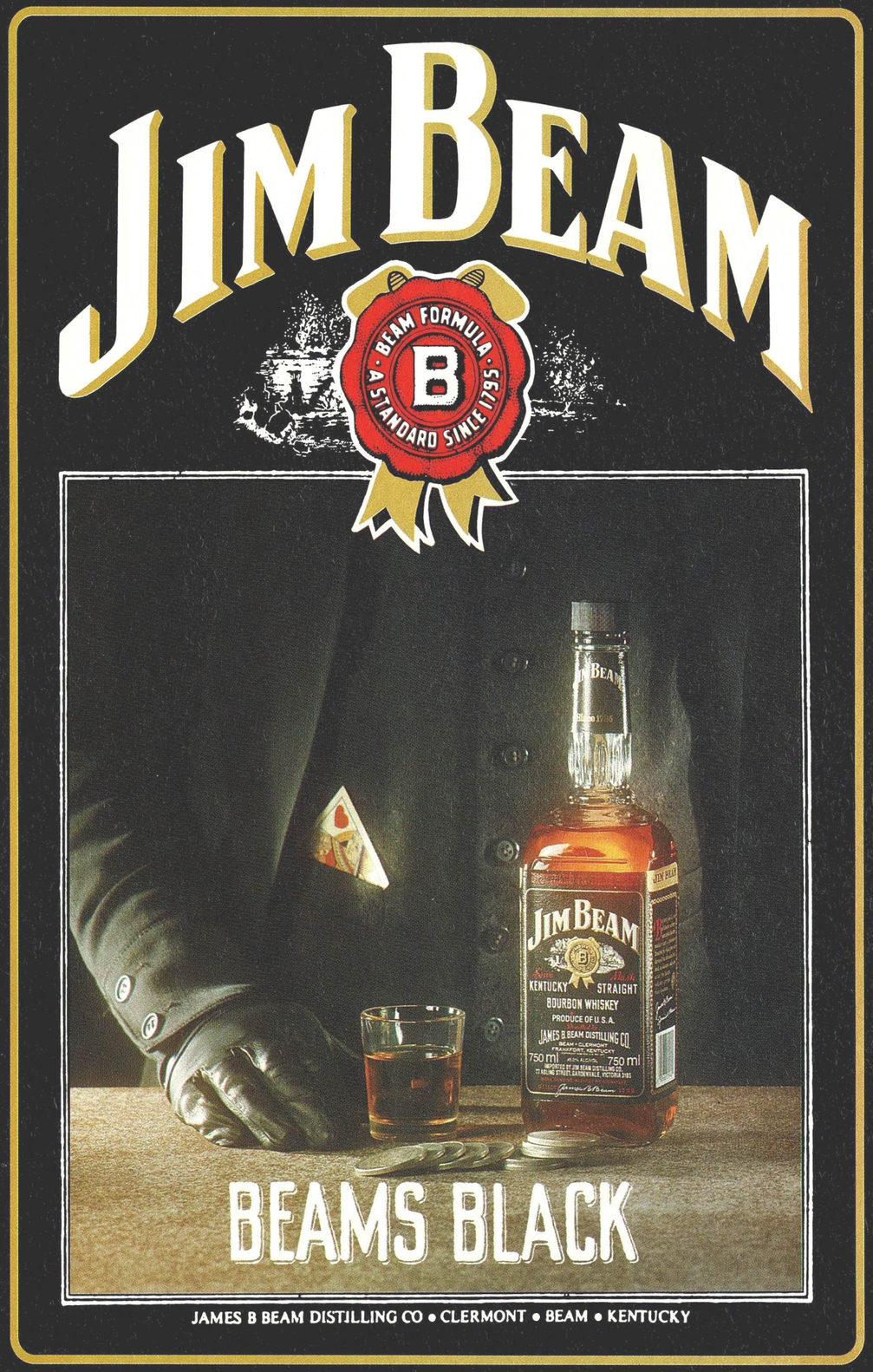
flirty girl p.74



rodeo p.64



shelley p.86



© COPYRIGHT APB 15788 • A

LETTERS

AUSTRALIAN **PLAYBOY**

PHILIP MASON
publisher
ANDREW COWELL
editorial director

EDITORIAL
GRAHAM BARRY **associate editor;**
CHUCK SMEETON **features editor;**
BRIAN GOGGIN **proof reader;**
NEIL JAMESON, RENNIE ELLIS, DAVID GREASON
contributing editors;
CLAIRE PRINEAS **modelling co-ordinator;**
ROB LUCK **motoring editor;**
GARETH POWELL **travel editor;**
GREG BORROWMAN **hi-fi editor;**
STUART HITCHINGS **music editor;**
TONY NOLAN **photography.**

ART
ROULA ANGEL **art director;**
RICHARD ORRICK **associate art director.**

ADVERTISING
LYNDA PRINCE **marketing director;**
PHYLLIS AGIOS **promotions co-ordinator;**
LISA CLOUGH **subscriptions co-ordinator;**
ANDREW JEFFERY **advertising manager;**
victorian sales CAMERON MEDIA (03) 427 9599;
queensland JANE FEWINGS MEDIA (07) 378 4522;
south australia JOHN WILLIAMSON (08) 79 9522;
western australia KEVIN O'KEEFE (09) 381 7440;
japan RAYMOND FALK (tokyo 545 3977);
usa DEFILIPPES CORPORATION (212 697 8185).

PRODUCTION
IAN WALKER **production manager;**
DAVID KENT **traffic co-ordinator;**
MANDY GEDDES **circulation manager.**

FINANCE
ANGIE DASKALAKIS **associate publisher;**
DOUGALD KNUCKEY **accounts payable;**
CATHY HUGHES **accounts receivable.**

PLAYBOY USA
HUGH M. HEFNER **editor-in-chief;**
ARTHUR KRETCHMER **editorial director;**
TOM STAEBLER **art director;**
GARY COLE **photography director.**

PLAYBOY INTERNATIONAL
HARESH SHAH **director international publishing;**
JUDIE FELDMAN **traffic & production supervisor;**
TERRIE BURRELL, KAREN ZIFFRA
editorial services administrators;
MARY NASTOS, TANYA ROBINSON **assistants.**

Australian Playboy is published 12 times a year by Mason Stewart Publishing Pty Ltd. (A.C.N. 001 268 060) PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (tel: 02 331 5006. Fax: 02 360 5367) on behalf of Frantonell Pty. Ltd. The magazine is photoset by Authotype Photosetters Pty Ltd, Surry Hills, NSW 2010 (tel: 02 698 9829), printed in Hong Kong by Toppan Printing Co (HK) Ltd and distributed by Newsagents Direct Distribution (tel: 02 693 4141).

© 1992 Mason Stewart Publishing Pty Ltd *Playboy* as to material published in the April, May and June 1992 issues of US *Playboy*. *Playboy* Rabbit Head and Playmate are marks of Playboy Enterprises Inc (US). Unless manuscripts, photographs and other material submitted to *Australian Playboy* are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope they will not be returned. Contributions are submitted at the sender's risk and *Australian Playboy* cannot accept responsibility for loss or damage. Articles reflect the personal opinion of the author and are not necessarily those of the publisher. Price in Australia $5.95, New Zealand $6.95* (inc. GST)

*Recommended and maximum price only.

BIG BALLS

After reading your article on **Madonna** (May 1991 issue) titled "The Triumph Of Slut Feminism", I could absolutely relate to her choreographer's comment to her: "You have more balls than most of the men I know!" With that in mind, I found it interesting to read your interview with her ex, **Sean Penn**, in the February issue.

Whilst I had always thought he was a big-headed wanker, and his comments in the interview have confirmed that, I can't help but think what a match made in hell their brief union must have been — talk about an irresistible force meets an immovable object! Anyway, both the article and the interview made for fascinating reading.

Also, I think **Horacio Altuna**'s "eroti-comic" is the best improvement you've made since you got rid of the hard spine and went to centre staples way back when — what an amazing difference he's made! His sex-capades are hugely entertaining and I'm sure relate to real life situations!

Gary Gaudion,
Brisbane, Qld.

Glad you like Altuna's work — yours is but one of many letters we've had from readers who really enjoy his work. As you say, it's hugely entertaining. Hugely? — Ed.

THUNDERBIRDS ARE GO!

I read with great interest the article in March 1992's edition by **David Lyle**, entitled "Great Moments On TV". As usual, Mr Lyle's research shines through in the article, and he includes some surprising entries that would have brought knowing smiles to the faces of many devoted fans like myself.

Having said that, and also realising what a wealth of material he must have had to sift through to produce such an article, I was somewhat surprised to see that the all-time classic British puppet drama series *Thunderbirds* appeared to be absent from his list. *Thunderbirds* has affected many fans' lives. It is amazing that a television series produced back in 1964 can still command such a corps of followers around the world and that so many people look back on it with such affection. Nearly every day, someone, somewhere, will toss me a question relating to the series, the puppets and/or the machines.

As you can see from the enclosed photographs, *Australian Playboy* has gained two new regular readers: Tin-Tin Kyrano and "Brains" Hackenbacker, two of the few surviving puppet cast members of *Thunderbirds*, now residing here in Australia.

Kelly Patrick Lannan,
West Lakes, SA.

Nice one, Kelly, and thanks for the pic. Your letter certainly hit the mark with a few of the Playboy staff who've always thought the boys from International Rescue deserved more credit! — Ed.

GAGGED

Being a **Robin Williams** fan, I looked forward with great interest to the interview with him in your March issue. While the man is obviously a genius and the interview was pretty good, why stick so much to the one-liners? Having appeared in such excellent films as *Dead Poets Society* and *Awakenings*, why was there no real enquiry into the man's ideas and feelings about such extraordinary characters? There's some great stuff to look into but the interview never quite made it.

T. Mulhall,
Vic.

An interview is just that — an interview. You can't put words in the mouth of the subject. As you can imagine, a lot of the original material the interviewer gets is cut — perhaps Mr Williams didn't have anything interesting to say about the subject matter you were most interested in, so that section of the interview was omitted — Ed.

BOB'S GOD

I would like to thank you for the survey on rock's 10 most influential performers (February issue). I was interested to see that all your panel of experts voted for **Bob Dylan**. I am such an avid fan of Bob Dylan — so much so that I have 18 of his albums and I never listen to anything but him. It's also great to see you doing interviews with sport stars like **Mark Waugh**, and the story you did about golf caddies back in the January issue.

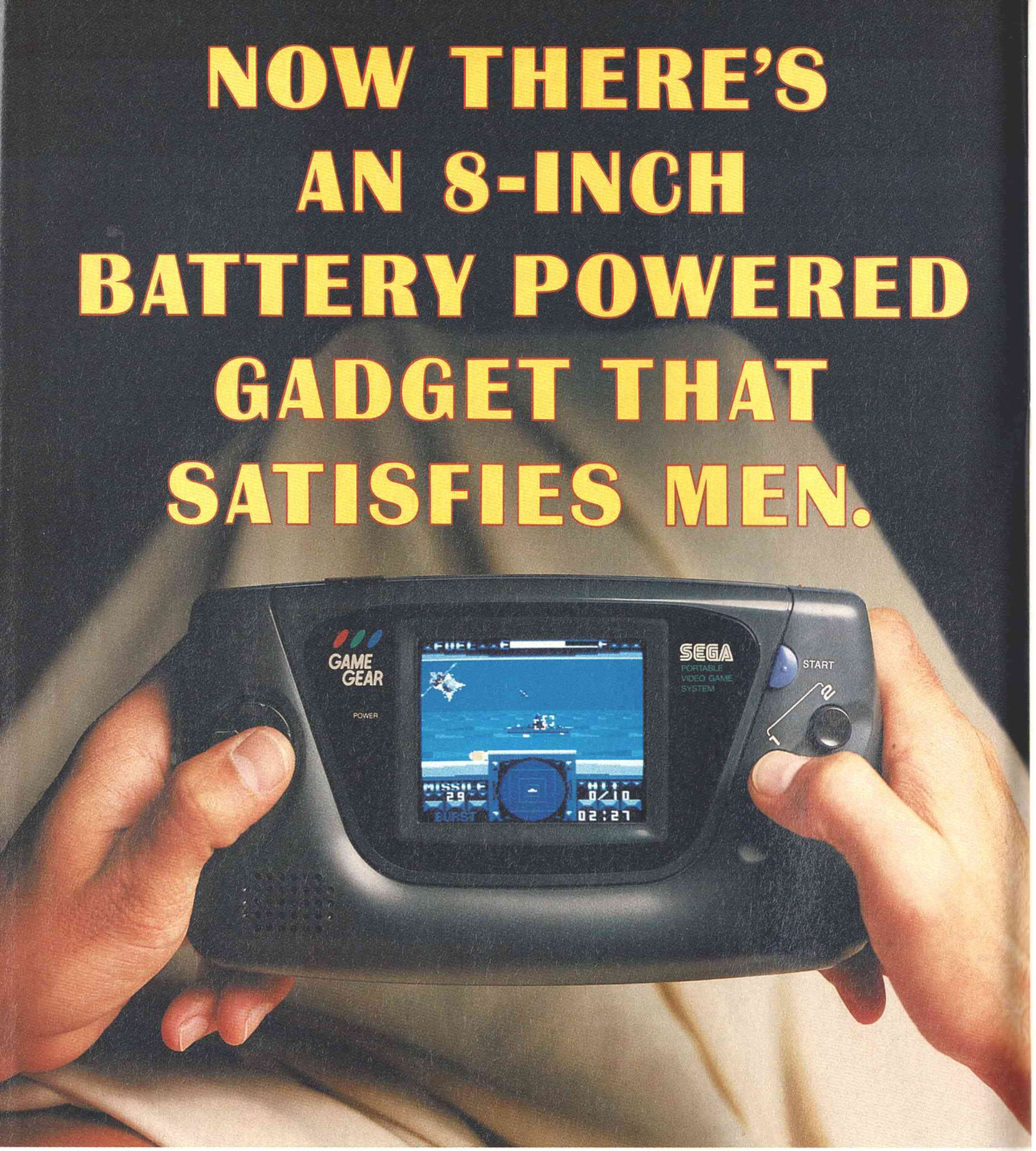
I would also like to see some pictorials on the women of golf — how about it?

Andrew Cole,
Perth, WA.

You listen to nothing but Bob Dylan? Wow! — Ed.

Write to us! Send your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that say something.

NOW THERE'S AN 8-INCH BATTERY POWERED GADGET THAT SATISFIES MEN.



Sega's new portable video game system is the ideal personal companion. With a backlit screen, full colour graphics, stereo sound and a huge range of game cartridges, Game Gear puts quality entertainment at your fingertips. Or anywhere else, for that matter, since Game Gear's compact, lightweight design makes it totally portable.

And with Sega's unique TV Tuner option, Game Gear transforms into a colour television. Best of all, you only have to touch its button once to turn it on.

SEGA
GAME GEAR
Serious Portable Fun

HPB 3213

SEX ADVISER

Getting tubed in the tub, pulling for pleasure, and what to do if you're a girl who prefers a big cock.

IN THE TUB

My husband and I have tried several times to have sex in the bathtub. All these attempts failed, however, because of lack of lubrication. My husband is well endowed, while I am very small. We have tried to use K-Y jelly, but it dissolves in water. I hate the feel of petroleum jelly. Recently, while relaxing with some scented bath oils in the tub, my husband joined me. To my utter astonishment, we proceeded to have great sex, with relatively easy penetration and little pain. The bath oil acted as a lubricant and it was wonderful. My question is: what will the bath oil do to my insides?

— K.H., Qld.

Make them feel squeaky-clean. Some people report a sensitivity to scented oils. If you experience a burning sensation, switch to a mild or unscented product. The vagina is self-cleaning. The occasional slip and slide may temporarily alter pH levels, but you'll quickly return to normal. Enjoy.

PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER!

I know masturbation is not harmful, but is it possible to get too involved in solo sex? I sometimes act out fantasies — by myself. Is this weird?

— F.D., Vic.

We've read about guys who masturbate between mirrors, so that, when they come, a thousand images of themselves climax at the same time. Wow. Cosmic. And then there was the guy who tied himself up first — but that didn't work. Sex therapist Marty Klein suggests in his new book *Ask Me Anything* that "moaning and other expressions of passion are normal during sex; since masturbation is sex, those expressions are appropriate during self-pleasure". Klein then quotes a poem by Ron Koertge: "This is for every man who licks his shoulder during solitary sex/rubs his beard against the stripy deltoid muscle or bites himself hard./This is for the woman who at the body's buffet touches her breasts/one at a time,/then reaches for the place she has made clean as mother's kitchen./And please don't jump up afterward and rush for the washcloth/like all the relatives were on the porch knocking/their hands hot from casseroles and a cake with God's name on it./Rather lie there, catch your breath, turn to yourself/and kiss all the nimble fingers, especially the one that has been you-know-where, kiss the palms with their mortal etchings and finally kiss the backs of each hand/as if the Pope had just said that yours are particularly blessed." Are we reassured yet?

TRI-ING TIMES

My girlfriend has finally agreed to a threesome. Any guidelines?

— D.G., WA.

Sex therapist Marty Klein provides a common-sense approach in his new book *Ask Me Anything*. Here goes: "Communication is the key to protecting your relationship. It is vital that there be no coercion involved. Threesomes are potentially explosive emotionally, so only do it for yourself, not to please your mate. Discuss checking in with him or her during the action; know what your respective limits and boundaries are; and think about what might make each of you uncomfortable . . . Share your fantasies of what you'd like and how it would feel. Discuss the logistics: do you want to invite a friend to join you? Go to a nightclub and pick up a stranger? Hire a prostitute experienced at this? . . . First-time don'ts include: don't drink so much that you can't communicate clearly; don't invite a third party about whom one of you feels jealous; don't invite a third party whom you don't trust to handle him/herself; don't try anything just to prove you're cool; don't persuade anyone to do anything; don't continue if you don't like the way things are going; don't start unless everyone understands one another's expectations. Keep in mind that your experiences may be quite different from what you see in porn movies. And don't forget to smile and even laugh — if you feel like it — while you're experimenting." What is there to add? Practise safe sex, repeatedly?

LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

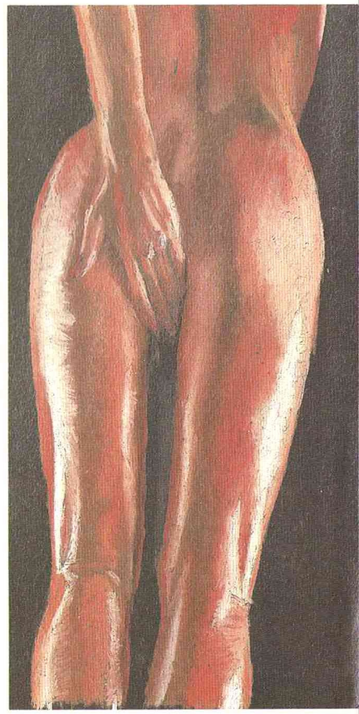
How dare you suggest that someone engage in fellatio while driving on a freeway? The 20 mile blow job you described in the November Sex Adviser is unsafe sex. That attentive wife and her husband could kill someone.

— D.S., NSW.

Lighten up. The freeway fellatio the woman writer described seemed pretty safe — unless she was driving. The question is, how much attention does a blow job require? The brain processes about 144 bits of information per second. It takes about 40 bits of information per second to understand a simple conversation in English. (A neat experiment found that if you try to follow three conversations, you can — but you won't remember what the people were wearing, what they looked like, whatever.) Now, we don't know how many bits of information a blow job requires — that depends on the skill of the fellatrice — but we doubt if it's equivalent to trying to follow three conversations. Unless maybe you are talking to your other girlfriend on the cellular phone. Do you black out after a blow job at home? Do you have to watch the action or you can't believe it's happening to you? Then why do you think you would on the highway?

SIZE DOES COUNT

I know it isn't kosher among some feminists to admit this, but I love guys ▶



SEX ADVISER

with big cocks. Old boyfriends have always told me ad nauseam *about their love of women with long legs or big breasts — neither of which I have — but I've never had the courage to tell them I wished their belt bottles had better standing in the long-neck club. Don't get me wrong, the physical pleasure I receive during intercourse has never been affected by size, but something about stroking and sucking a huge cock during foreplay really gets me hot. That said, how can I meet guys with long dongs? Would it be impolite to reach under the table during dinner to feel them up?*

— L.B., SA.

Well, you could check them out over (under?) dinner, but use your foot so you don't bump your head. Actually, there's no need to risk a scene in your favourite bistro. Finding what you want in Australia might be tough, but the Hung Jury, a US dating service based in Los Angeles, caters to women who "want the bigger things in life" — namely, experienced lovers with at least "eight erect inches" — or 20cm. Founded in 1977, the Hung Jury offers a quarterly newsletter of personal ads and photos with such classic lines as "The pen is mightier than the sword, but my 9½ inches is a lot more fun" and "Photo essential (face, not phallus)". Publisher Jim Boyd, who's at work on a book entitled *The Last Sexual Taboo: Women And Penis Size*, decries the "sexual double standard where men can express their preferences for big boobs or long legs, but women who like big cocks are considered sluts and whores". So far, he's found about 1000 people who agree. For membership details, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to The Hung Jury, PO Box 417, Los Angeles 90078.

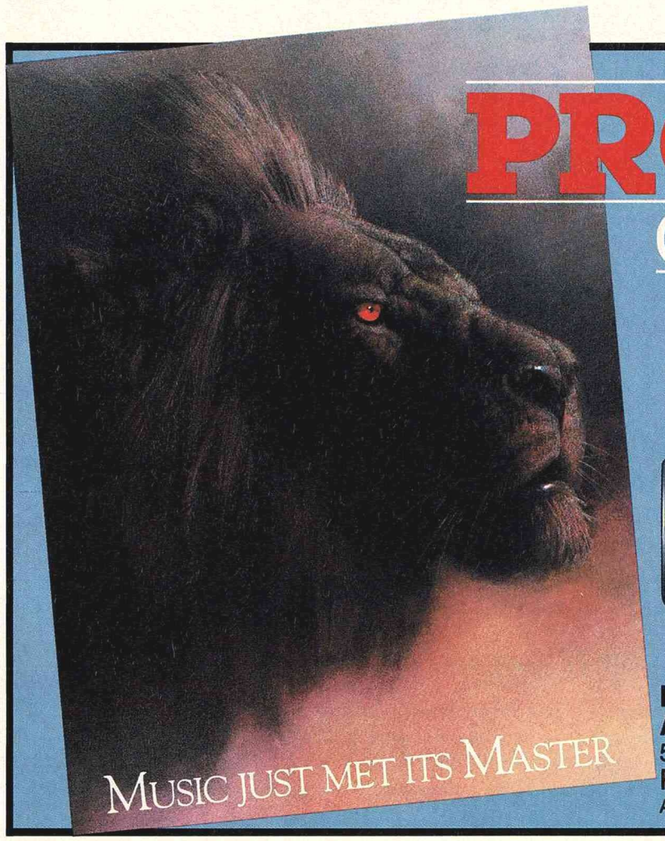
HAIRY PALMS

The other day, I met a new co-worker who was absolutely gorgeous. I couldn't take my eyes off her face or figure as she walked toward my desk with my boss. But when we were introduced and she reached to shake my hand, my palms were slippery with sweat. Frantic, I put my hands in my pockets and watched in horror as she awkwardly withdrew. This has never happened before, not even when I've greeted my boss before a big presentation. What made my hand glands suddenly go crazy when I saw this woman approaching, and what could I have done?

— J.L., Qld.

It must be love. Your hands and armpits work the same way: when you're nervous, excited or overheated, sweat emerges from the millions of glands concentrated in your palms, armpits, soles and forehead. It may be that you suffer from a mild case of hyperhydrosis, or excessive sweating, which usually occurs in these areas and is often treated with antiperspirants. (Almost makes you wish you'd masturbated more as a teen, so you'd have more hair on your palms to keep them dry.) Try this: as you rise from your chair, place your palms on your pant legs at your thighs as if you were pushing yourself up. As you do, discreetly wipe your palms as you stand, then offer a dry hand. If there's a moment before you're introduced, slip your hands into your pockets and rub your palms against the inside when you withdraw to shake. Better yet, excuse yourself from contact because of a recent, nasty bout with a cold or the flu. Maybe she'll check in later to see how you're feeling.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Sex Adviser c/- Australian Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlingburst 2010. We welcome enquiries but are unable to reply to each reader individually.



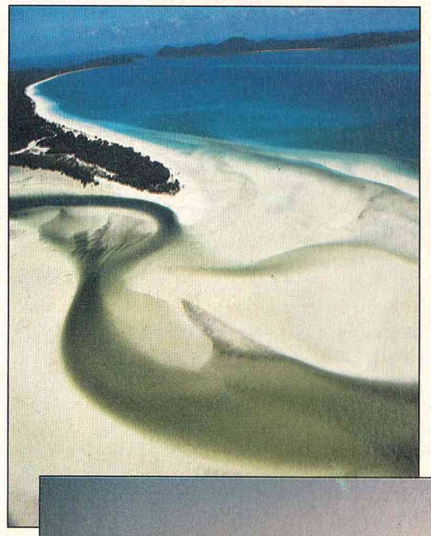
PROTON®
CAR AUDIO
Clearly the best.

FOR YOUR NEAREST DEALER CONTACT
HATADI ELECTRONICS CORPORATION AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.
5 APOLLO STREET, WARRIEWOOD NSW 2102
Phone: (02) 997 7077 Fax: (02) 991 229
A.C.N. 003 431 801

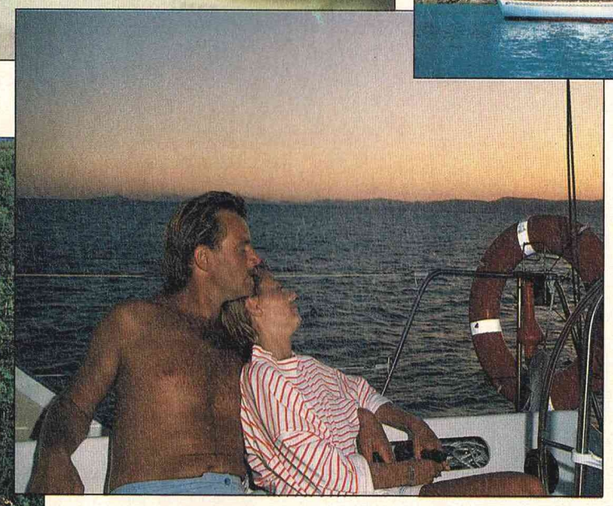
CRUISING THOSE ISLANDS IN THE SUN the exotic WHITSUNDAYS

Cruising the Whitsundays/Great Barrier Reef islands, off the coast of Queensland, has *all the stuff dreams are made of*:74 tropical islands fringed with rainbow-hued reefs, sandy beaches, turquoise seas.

Sailing around the safe, sheltered waters may sound *like millionare stuff*, but that's not the case anymore. As you don't have to own your own yacht to experience this *exotic, watery playground.* In fact the simplest and *most affordable* way is to charter a bareboat-drive or sail yourself (with friends or family as crew) or skippers can be provided.



Only a minimum amount of boat handling experience is required, as Australian Bareboat Charters make sure you are thoroughly briefed prior to your departure.



Ansett Australia.

Anyone who flies appreciates the difference that extra care can make. That's why Ansett Australia is working to provide the best environment for the traveller, with our upgraded First, Business and Economy Class, and discount fares that can save you hundreds of dollars. New Golden Wing Lounges, Valet Car Parking, Selfwrite Tickets and many other new innovations are making travelling with Ansett Australia easier and more enjoyable.

Australian Bareboat Charters offer a choice of 25ft to 47ft sailing yachts and 34ft and 36ft motor cruisers, for charter at *surprisingly reasonable rates.* And don't let the term "bareboat" mislead you either. Although ABC say *"our vessels aren't bare but sometimes our charterers are!"*, all their vessels are fully equipped with everything needed to ensure you have the greatest holiday ever . . . . . they will take care of every detail for you. Would you like to know more? . . . . . Talk to the friendly staff at:

AUSTRALIAN BAREBOAT CHARTERS PTY. LTD.
call FREE (008) 075 000 or Fax: (07) 469 220

AUSTRALIAN BAREBOAT CHARTERS
P.O. BOX 357, AIRLIE BEACH, QLD. 4802
TEL: (079) 469 381 (TOLL FREE) (008) 075 000 FAX: (079) 469 220
A.C.N. 010 748 204
Please send me more information.

Name:
Address:
Postcode:
Phone:

Diesel minus Johnny and The Injectors returns from Memphis with Hepfidelity and Andrew Pendlebury shows he just can't hold back.

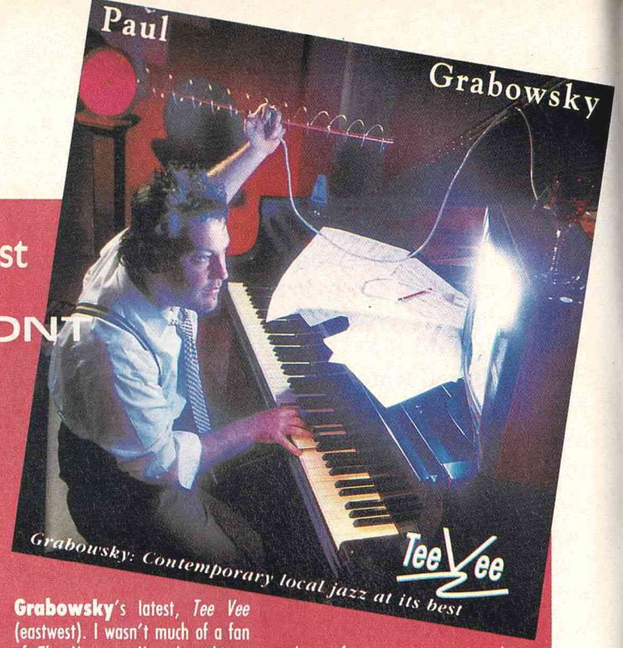
by Stuart Hitchings

Three of the Best from the HOME FRONT

I must admit that when I heard **Diesel** (who's now dropped the **Johnny**, as well as **The Injectors**) had gone off to Memphis to make a "soul album" I couldn't resist a groan. After all, what with **Barnsie** and **The Commitments**, haven't there been quite enough fake soul albums recently? However, I've got to admit that the result, *Hepfidelity* (Chrysalis), is a very pleasant surprise. Sure it has soul touches – and it is a bit retro – but the songs are almost all originals, the playing is excellent, Diesel shows new maturity in the vocal department and he's curbed the worst excesses of his guitar hero persona. The result is an album that lovers of hard R&B will find difficult to resist.

Also a great surprise is **Paul Grabowsky**'s latest, *Tee Vee* (eastwest). I wasn't much of a fan of *The Moon + You*, but this is altogether tougher and more adventurous and a much better reflection of Grabowsky's live work. Kicking in with a stirring cover of **The Beatles**' *Julia* and running on through eight more excellent originals, this is contemporary local jazz at its best, with **Dale Barlow**'s scintillating tenor sax as an additional bonus.

Less of a surprise, given the strength of his last LP, is the newest release from ex-**Sport Andrew Pendlebury**, *Don't Hold Back That Feeling* (eastwest). Here Pendlebury's evocative songwriting is well to the fore, while vocal contributions from the likes of **Kate Ceberano**, **Deborah Conway**, **Dave Steel** and **Chris Wilson** add variety.



Grabowsky: Contemporary local jazz at its best

DISC HIT LIST

David Byrne *Uh-Oh* (Sire) Byrne continues his intriguing blend of South American and African rhythms with his own quirky brand of rock. ****

Capercaillie *Delirium* (Survival/BMG) Patchy but frequently ear-catching Celtic folk in the tradition of **Clannad** and **Runrig**. ***

Various Artists *Juice* (MCA) In the wake of *New Jack City* and *Boyz N The Hood*, this is another heavy-duty, mostly rap, soundtrack LP. ****

Shakespears Sister *Hormonally Yours* (London) More heartfelt pop from this fine duo, though sometimes too clever for its own good. ***

Luka Bloom *The Acoustic Motorbike* (Reprise) Excellent folk rock, but the real surprise is the amazing cover of **L.L. Cool J**'s rap hit *I Need Love*. ****

Lita Ford *Dangerous Curves* (RCA) Plodding hard rock, riddled with musical and lyrical cliches. More lame than dangerous. **

Holland's not one of the places that immediately springs to mind when you think of rock music. Sure, there was **Focus**, and **Golden Earring**, but that's just two groups, and even in their day they could hardly claim to be at the cutting edge. These days there is, however, a Dutch band that's helping to forge new musical frontiers, to mix up styles and genres into something vital and utterly contemporary. That band is the multi-racial **Urban Dance Squad**.

Formed initially as an amalgam of musicians from different groups solely for the purpose of playing live for one hour at a Dutch rock festival in 1986, the group was received so positively by both public and critics that over the next two years the members slowly gave up their other projects to make a full-time commitment to Urban Dance Squad. Taking up the story, drummer **Michael "Magic Stick" Schoots** explains: "While we were on stage that first time I just had this sensation I've never felt before. I knew that this was something new, because in those days the idea of putting a rapper with a band had never really been done before. After we came off stage we realised that we'd all felt the same sensation, and the audience had too."

Having cracked the States last year with a top ten hit, *Deeper Shade Of Soul*, Urban Dance Squad have now released their second album, *Life 'N Perspectives Of A Genuine Crossover* (Ariola), a title that gives some hint of their ability to mix rap, hard rock, funk and pop. As admirable as this diversity is, as with **Fishbone** and **Living Colour** it doesn't always work. However when the group hits a groove, which it does frequently on this album, it has real power. Schoots is aware, though, that in blending so many apparently disparate styles they frighten off a lot of more conservative listeners, the type who love rock and hate rap, or vice versa.

"I realise that our audience is probably smaller than it could be because we won't compromise musically and because we mix up so many different styles," he told *Playboy*.

If you want to have your own opinion about Urban Dance Squad, then *Life 'N Perspectives . . .* is a fine place to start. And you'll also have the chance to check them out live, which is apparently their forte, when they tour Australia in October.

Urban Dance Squad: Forging new musical frontiers

Drive Style
PIRELLI
Touring ...on Tours
The Strada line MT69E/MT68E was specially developed for heavy Touring bikes. Longlife, comfort and high security reserves are some of its highlights. The newly developed semi-hard compound and 8.5 mm tread depth in the centre part of the tread allow longer tyre life and comfort; while the 4.5 mm tread depth and higher positive part in the sidewall area allow stability and grip in cornering. Both in design and performance it is an example of innovative tyre technology.
STRADA MT69E
McLEOD ACCESSORIES
NSW: McLEOD ACCESSORIES SYDNEY PHONE (02) 632 1322
QLD: NT: McLEOD ACCESSORIES BRISBANE (07) 252 7244
WA: GP WHOLESALE PERTH (09) 300 2388
VIC: SA: TAS: NSW: McLEOD ACCESSORIES MELBOURNE (03) 350 1666
MT69E/MT68E Strada
For street bikes up to 210 Km/h.
MT 69/68 Tour America
For street motorcycles up to 210 Km/h. Tyres for heavy Touring bikes and Choppers.
MT 59/58 Phantom Supertouring
For street bikes up to 210 Km/h.
MT 15 Mandrake
For street motorcycles up to 150 Km/h (P version) up to 180Km/h (S version).

SHOWBIZ

Oscar nominee Nelligan out of cold storage, Grammy-winner Neville behind the bar, and Shakespeare and the Addams Family on vid.

Compiled by Graham Barry

NEWSBREAKS

The metal concert to end them all: We hear that **Guns n' Roses** plans to hook up with **Metallica** for stadium shows . . . And on a calmer note: look for **Eric Clapton** and **Elton John** to be out on the road together soon . . . **Roger Daltrey**'s new solo LP just came out and **Pete Townshend**'s is in the planning stages . . . *A Very Special Christmas* raised $8 million for the Special Olympics back in 1988. A sequel is being planned for this coming Christmas holiday and **Tevin Campbell** has already cut his song for the album . . . **Robert Cray**'s new LP and a worldwide tour are on tap . . . **Queen Latifah** and **Monie Love** have made a TV pilot for a comedy called *Out Of My Face* . . . Now we've heard it all: **Barry Melton** from the '60s band **Country Joe And The Fish** is running for election as a San Francisco municipal court judge. If he wins, he'll be hearing misdemeanours and small civil cases . . . Yet another **Elvis** museum is set to open, this time in Tupelo, Mississippi, near the two-room house where he was born . . . The new **Wilson Phillips** LP, due out any day now, is being finetuned so that **Carnie** and **Wendy Wilson** and **Chynna Phillips** will avoid the dreaded sophomore slump . . . The Rhythm & Blues Foundation gave **Aretha Franklin** its 1992 Lifetime Achievement Award . . . Hot North Carolina band **Superchunk** recorded with underground producer **Steve Albini** but, at Albini's suggestion, kept his name off the LP (when was the last time you heard of a producer's failing to take credit?). Why? Because Albini believes that consumers have a preconceived idea of what one of his productions should sound like . . . Finally, **Gene Simmons** confesses that he is the one responsible for letting **Kiss** drift in a pop direction for the past decade. Says Gene, "We've been searching for a while, but I've found my balls again." Thank God.

— BARBARA NELLIS

Rain-soaked and rushed, actress **Kate Nelligan** slips into her corner seat at a New York eatery for a brief lunch before dashing off to a famous designer's atelier to borrow a gown she'd wear at the Golden Globe awards in LA. "I'm co-presenting something with **John Goodman**, who was so marvellous in *Barton Fink*. I guess they choose people who aren't nominated as presenters, to make them feel better." Nelligan obviously feels great, whether or not Oscar should recognise her two stunning 1991 performances — as the randy waitress in *Frankie & Johnny* and as the vivacious mother in *The Prince Of Tides*, whom she played young and old with dazzling aplomb.

Above: Nelligan, showing Michelle Pfeiffer how to deal with a sleaze in Frankie & Johnny; and, below, bringing comfort (?) to much-abused son Tom in The Prince Of Tides.

Nelligan, the former London-to-Broadway star of *Plenty*, is an established stage luminary with four Tony nominations behind her, but her movie career hit a major snag after *Without A Trace* and *Eleni*. "I hardly worked for five years. In Hollywood, *nothing*. They thought: She's 50, she's English and she does those asexual parts." In fact, she is 40, Canadian-born but trained in London, earthy, currently pregnant ("I'm having the baby in July"), married to a songwriter she met on a project to help street kids. "Now people who would not see me six months ago are calling up. But why should I be labelled a character actress? That's the kiss of death. I'm not **Zasu Pitts**."

Nelligan thanks *Frankie & Johnny* director **Garry Marshall** "for bringing me out of cold storage. You have to be a movie star even to get a play on Broadway now. People expect me to act like a *grande dame*, but I'm not above making movies. I want to *win*."

GUEST SHOT

Grammy winner **Aaron Neville** — the Creole crooner with the voice of an angel and the biceps of a biker — has always had a passion for the old West; as a youngster, he was inspired to yodel by the singing-cowboy movies of **Roy Rogers** and **Gene Autry** — and he still likes to replay those memories on video. Other Neville raves: The "sweet, little romance" *Green Card*; *New Jack City* ("a positive message film"); anything with **James Cagney**; and the creepy *Child's Play 2* ("great for laughs"). And while the Louisiana legend's singing can be heard on the soundtracks of *The Mighty Quinn* and *Rain Man*, you can see him as the tough bartender in the recently released *Zandalee*, a red-hot love story shot in — naturally — Cajun country.

— HELEN FRANGOULIS

Above: Hamlet (Our Mel) confronts poor Yorick (alas). Below: Henry V (Kenneth Branagh) rallies the troops.

SHAKESPEARE ON VID

The recent video releases of **Kenneth Branagh**'s gutsy *Henry V* and **Mel Gibson**'s *Hamlet* are reminders that Shakespeare (and Shakespeare derivatives) never lose their appeal. For the Bard or just Bardolatry, check out:

A Double Life: **Ronald Colman** won a Best Actor Oscar for menacing **Shelley Winters** in this flashy 1947 hit about a Broadway actor cast as Othello who confuses his life with his art.

Forbidden Planet: Not nude like last year's *Prospero's Books* or **Paul Mazursky**'s modernised 1982 version, here's a clever, original science-fiction take on *The Tempest*.

A Midsummer Night's Dream: '30s Hollywood curio starred **James Cagney** as Bottom, **Mickey Rooney** as Puck and was **Olivia de Havilland**'s movie debut. Uneven, but an ambitious spectacular.

Julius Caesar: Directed by **Joseph L. Mankiewicz** (1953), with **Brando** as Mark Antony topping a brilliant all-star ensemble.

Romeo And Juliet: Filmed successfully several times, but **Franco Zeffirelli**'s 1968 epic is the gorgeous last word on young love destroyed.

The Taming Of The Shrew: **Liz Taylor** and **Richard Burton** did their zestful best for Zeffirelli in 1967, as squabbling Kate vs Petruchio. But also see the lively musicalised *Kiss Me Kate* (1953), in which Avon's ace meets **Cole Porter**.

Throne Of Blood: It's *Macbeth* starring **Toshiro Mifune** in **Akira Kurosawa**'s 1957 samurai re-creation of the great Scottish tragedy. A knockout.

— BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THE BEAT GOES ON DEPARTMENT

Grateful Dead percussionist **Mickey Hart** assembled 1500 drummers for a drum-in in northern California. With a $50,000 grant from the National Association of Music Merchants, Hart proved that you don't have to be a wild man to get a big bang.

REELING AND ROCKING

Bobby McFerrin is scoring **Whoopi Goldberg**'s new movie, *Sarafina* . . . **Madonna**'s next film role will be in the erotic thriller *Body Of Evidence*, co-starring **Willem Dafoe**. She'll play a woman accused of murdering her lover . . . A movie is being made based on the old **Marshall Tucker** song *Fire On The Mountain*, about a pop musician who meets the girl of his dreams in Nashville, follows her home and then must overcome a legend to win her love . . . **Tara Kemp** has recorded a song for **Kid 'n Play**'s new movie, *Class Act* . . . Rapper **Eazy-E** of **NWA** has co-written a movie in which he plans to star. It's called *Smilin' Facez* and is set in LA.

After the rip-roaring box office success of the born-again Addams Family, it was inevitable that the originals would be revived — if that's the right word. Sure enough, The Best Of The Addams Family is being released on video by Classic Collectables in a series of double features. So put on your nostalgia glasses and see if Anjelica Huston, Raul Julia and Christopher Lloyd really do measure up to Carolyn Jones, John Astin and Jackie Coogan.

FILM

Woody Allen's new movie is a case of spot the stars; and we wonder: who came first, Bill and Ted or Wayne and Garth.

by Graham Barry

WOODY'S PORTRAIT OF A SERIAL KILLER

Any film directed by Woody Allen is a major event. He's arguably the finest contemporary director in Hollywood (or anywhere else, for that matter), and even his less successful films, which for me are the gimmicky ones, are never less than interesting. *Shadows And Fog*, with its echo of *Night And Fog*, that classic holocaust documentary, is not in the gimmicky class, but it does transplant him from his natural habitat in New York, and his favourite subjects of family relationships and himself. To that extent it fails to measure up to his best work for starters.

It has also become increasingly apparent that the rest of thinking Hollywood watches his output with fascination too, to the extent of moving heaven and earth to partake. This has been happening for some time now without seriously affecting the quality of his work, but in *Shadows And Fog* it reaches a level of overkill where bit part after bit part is taken by a major actor, until one starts playing spot-the-celebrity rather than taking in the movie.

It isn't all bad of course; how could it be? When Kleinman (Allen) is woken one night to join a vigilante group searching for a mad killer in an unnamed European town, one cannot fault Donald Pleasence as an obsessive sawbones. And when Allen's longtime companion Mia Farrow, as a circus sword swallower, leaves clown John Malkovich after she finds him screwing the strong man's girl, I didn't even realise it was Madonna. Even when she gets taken in for TLC at a local brothel I was merely dazzled by the brilliance of Lily Tomlin, Jodie Foster and Kathy Bates as the chief whores and John Cusack as a customer. But to waste Kate Nelligan as Kleinman's out-of-focus, unrecognisable fiancee in an upstairs window makes one take stock and start counting.

Allen's concerns are pretty foggy in any case. The witch-hunt's targeting of any Jew, including Kleinman himself, is a sharp, sickening jab, but the Mia-Cusack-Woody-Malkovich subplot lacks any coherence, and Woody's serial killer has even less context than the notorious Henry. In the end *Shadows And Fog* will probably be remembered for three of America's greatest actresses excelling themselves as good-natured whores, and for the fact that Donald Pleasence's name was misspelled on the credits.

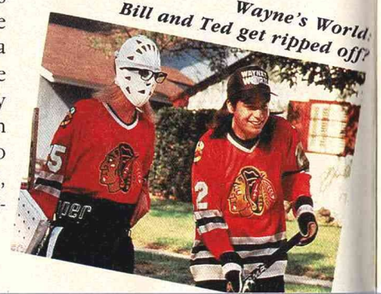
Woody's World: Spot the stars in Shadows And Fog, with Julie Kavner (above) plus Mia, Jodie, Lily and John.

Who came first, we wonder: cult heroes Bill and Ted, or Wayne and Garth, the latest fad with their box office smash, *Wayne's World*, named after the loony TV show they showcase on US TV's *Saturday Night Live*? Difficult for us to say, since we in Australia have never seen the show that launched **John Belushi**, **Dan Aykroyd** et al, where *Wayne's World* apparently began back in 1989. But since we've been *aficionados* of Bill and Ted since their first *Excellent Adventure* a couple of years ago, and suffered with them through their *Bogus Journey*, it seems inevitable that we'll never see Wayne and Garth (**Mike Myers** and **Dana Carvey**) as anything more than a cash-in — loveable, but a cash-in none the less. If anything they're slightly brighter than Bill and Ted (it would be hard to be dumber), but they lack the artless charisma of **Keanu Reeves** and **Alex Winter**, and the brilliantly off-the-wall premise that Bill and Ted's moronic influence somehow founded a higher civilisation in the future.

Wayne and Garth merely co-host a basement TV program, laugh inordinately at their own brainlessly smutty jokes, and somehow convince sleazy producer **Rob Lowe** that their show could sell advertising to equally cretinous teenagers on a big-city TV station. Nothing much happens apart from Wayne's falling for a Chinese girl (**Tia Carrere**) who fronts a heavy-metal band, but since he tends to address the camera a lot, you kind of get to like him . . . or not, as the case may be. (In Garth-speak you can negate anything you agree to by just adding the word "not", a second or so after the sentence is finished — which is a fair idea of their humour.)

Personally I find anyone who could reject Donna of *Twin Peaks* beyond the pale (**Lara Flynn Boyle** plays the ex-girlfriend Wayne keeps trying to avoid).

Still, director **Penelope Spheeris** keeps the film bowling along with the help of a few judicious tricks and a couple of alternative endings — audiences will like it even if Bill and Ted did come first.



Wayne's World: Bill and Ted get ripped off?

MOVIE SCORECARD

Billy Bathgate Latest gangster movie is one too many with boring old Dustin Hoffman as Dutch Schultz (played a la Ratso Rizzo) and a nonentity in the title role. **

Beauty And The Beast The Disney cartoon that almost scored a first with its best film Oscar nomination — but it's still Disney, love it or hate it. **

Grand Canyon America's mid-life crisis, as seen through the eyes of yuppies Kevin Kline and Mary McDonnell, agonising over fate and Danny Glover. ***

Shining Through Michael Douglas and Melanie Griffith defeat Hitler with a mite too little conviction. Not even *based* on fact. **

The Mambo Kings Expatriate Cuban musicians ride the Mambo craze all the way to the *I Love Lucy* show, but family strife intervenes. ***

VIDEO

Tim Hunter goes straight-to-video with Lies Of The Twins and William Hurt's Doctor gets a taste of his own medicine.

by Graham Barry

VIDEO HIT-LIST

Curly Sue Only for those besotted with cute little waifs — although Jim Belushi's always worth watching, even when his part's unbelievable. *

Hot Shots *Top Gun* has the piss taken out of it unmercifully (and deservedly) by Charlie Sheen and the team who did *Flying High*. ***

Jungle Fever Spike Lee takes a shot at interracial love/sex with Wesley Snipes and Annabella Sciorra — and would have succeeded with a good script editor. ***

sex, lies and videotape James Spader gets off watching videos, Andie MacDowell gets off on him and we get off on Laura San Giacomo. One of the most original films in years. (Sell-thru) *****

Shattered Greta Scacchi and Tom Berenger in a good enough bit of sub-Hitchcock but the twist is oh so predictable. **

Does anyone know what's happened to **Tim Hunter**? He's the guy who seemed to come out of nowhere to direct that classic of alienated youth, *River's Edge*, a movie so deep and meaningful (I'm not joking), that despite appearing with very little fanfare it has had enormous influence since. You can see it as the germ of the idea behind **David Lynch**'s epoch-making TV series *Twin Peaks* — and sure enough Lynch used Hunter to direct several episodes, perhaps seeing him as one of the few other directors around with a vision as rich and strange as the only begetter of *Blue Velvet*.

Naturally enough, then, the appearance of a movie by Tim Hunter is something to be watched for, even if it is straight-to-video. Alas, *Lies Of The Twins* is a bit of a waste of his talents. **Isabella Rossellini** (who's been responsible for some of the more bizarre characterisations in Lynch's films) plays a fashion model who falls in love with a psychiatrist, played by **Aidan Quinn** (another great unfulfilled talent). Jonathan is tender and loving, but dreadfully overworked, leaving Rachel (Rossellini) vaguely dissatisfied. And then she meets James, the twin Jonathan has never mentioned, wild, irresponsible and exciting, and pretty soon she's involved in a self-destructive affair with him.

The situation is predictable and cliche'd down to the final climax. Certainly the atmosphere is as overladen as one would expect from Hunter, but there is nothing to lift the plot out of the ordinary. Surely he deserves better vehicles.

Lies Of The Twins: Quinn and Rossellini, plus Hurd Hatfield and Iman.

Hurt and Perkins: Fellow sufferers in The Doctor

A TASTE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE

A few years ago a deeply moving film about the profoundly deaf, *Children Of A Lesser God*, scored a number of Oscar nominations, eventually gaining the Oscar for Best Actress for its profoundly deaf star **Marlee Matlin**. However its director, **Randa Haines**, rated nary a mention, like every other female director in Hollywood history before and since (including, most infamously, **Barbra Streisand**, for this year's *The Prince Of Tides*). But you can't keep a good girl down, and Haines is back with *The Doctor*, in which **William Hurt**, the star of her earlier movie, gets to play the title role.

Hurt is a brilliant surgeon, but he works on the basis of never becoming personally involved with his patients. It is an attitude which has begun to intrude into his own family life — he keeps wife **Christine Lahti** and son **Charlie Korsmo** at arm's length. (When he comes home early one day and Lahti tells Korsmo to say hello to Dad, the boy automatically picks up the phone extension!) Even when Hurt is diagnosed as having a malignant tumour on his larynx he's unable to let them in, until he feels himself touched with emotion by a fellow patient dying of a brain tumour (**Elizabeth Perkins**). In the meantime, however, going through his own ordeal forces him to change his attitudes to doctors who simply do the job, as opposed to doctors who care.

Any performance by William Hurt is worth watching, but he is perhaps a little too attractive a person for this role. His unfailing good humour even before his change of heart makes him seem like a good guy to work with anyway. And I'm not sure that his fellow sufferer with the brain tumour in fact imparts as much wisdom as he appears to think. My sympathies were very much with his wounded wife — Christine Lahti is one of the finest emotional actors around, as *Running On Empty* demonstrated. What it means is that *The Doctor* doesn't spell its message out for you — you end up having to work against the preconceptions created by the casting. And thinking for yourself's not such a bad thing, when so many films treat you like an idiot!

the freaked out flower children

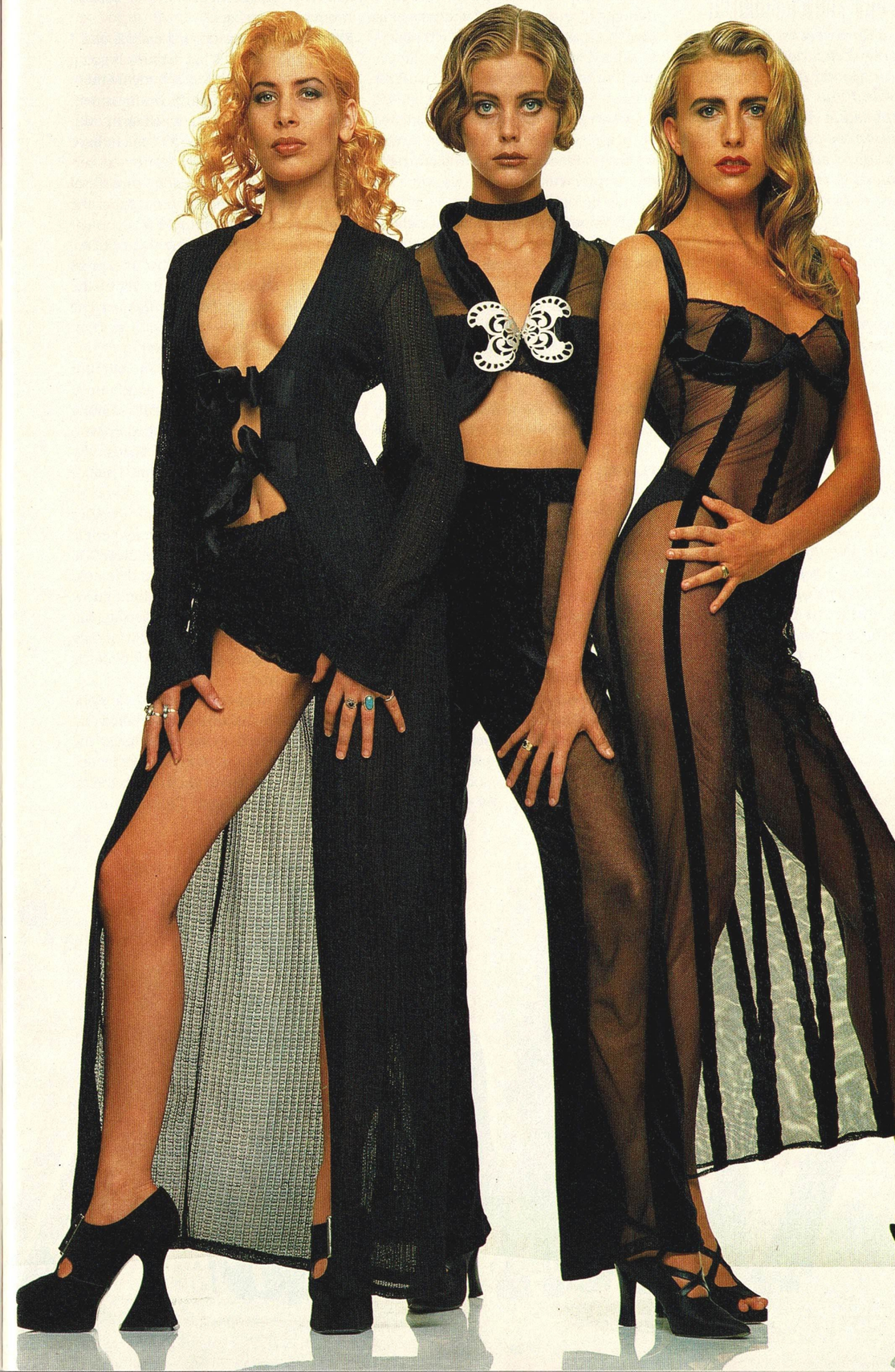
A candid conversation with the distinctly non-bimboesque Sophie Lee, Nicole Love and Fiona Ruttelle about shaved heads, skimpy clothes and male groupies.

The Freaked Out Flower Children are so eminently marketable that if they hadn't already invented themselves it seems likely that some impresario or enterprising record company would have done it for them. The band taps into the current deep vein of nostalgia for the songs and fashions of the '60s, while allying them to the programmed dance beats that currently hold sway in the pop charts. And they top it off by being fronted by three very attractive women, all with varying degrees of existing media profile. One of these of course is ***Sophie Lee****, current "darling" (she might say "victim") of the tabloid press, thanks to* The Bugs Bunny Show *and* The Flying Doctors*, while the other two,* ***Nicole Love*** *and* ***Fiona Ruttelle****, have both hosted ABC's pop TV show* Countdown Revolution*. And let's not forget the writing and production duo of* ***Gumpy*** *and* ***Tricky J****, longtime stalwarts of the Melbourne music scene and the guys behind rap group* ***Mighty Big Crime****.*

Unfortunately, as the band is discovering, all the publicity in the world can't buy good reviews, and their debut album, Love In*, has attracted some fairly scathing notices. To some extent this may be justified: it's a lightweight piece of froth from a band which makes much more sense live than on record, and it has noticeably failed to set the charts alight. But some critics seem to have missed the point that the record is simply intended to be fun, and their view of the band might well have been prejudiced by the group's high media profile. After all, in order to have credibility, aren't you supposed to flog yourself to death on the pub circuit, paying your dues, for years? The critical reaction, though, neatly illustrates the double bind the band, and particularly the women in it, face. Obviously they've got their record deal at least partly thanks to their ability to generate column inches, and this also makes them obvious targets for snipers. The fact that the women are also good-looking seems to provide further ammunition, leading, unfairly, to the accusation that the three are bimbos.*

Only time will tell whether the Freaked Out Flower Children's career will have any sort of longevity, whether the band can outlast the passing infatuation with '60s fashions that they've made so much a part of their image. The women themselves seem to realise the tenuousness of their position and, while there's little doubt that Ruttelle, Lee and Love take their music reasonably seriously, all three have acting ambitions which appear to be rather more important to them. The only possible exception to this is Ruttelle, ironically the only one of the three to have starred in a feature film — she has one of the lead roles in ***Richard Lowenstein****'s new movie,* Say A Little Prayer*, to be released later this year.*

Australian Playboy music editor ***Stuart Hitchings*** *caught up with the girls during a flying visit to Sydney and found them animated, open and articulate, despite suffering from heavy colds, an exhausting schedule and some recent bad experiences with the media. This wariness of the press was further* ▶



freaked out flower children

justified within weeks of the interview's being concluded. Firstly, certain tabloids found a way to hold the Freaked Out Flower Children somehow responsible for a perceived resurgence in the popularity of LSD. This was followed by Sophie Lee's involvement in the federal government-funded Fact And Fantasy File, a guide to sexuality aimed at teenagers augmented by a phone-in advice line, which led to Fred Nile's branding her "the high priestess of a permissive society". Following protests from religious and community groups, not to mention NSW Premier ***Nick Greiner****, Prime Minister* ***Paul Keating*** *was forced to halt distribution of the Fact And Fantasy File and discontinued funding to the project.*

"Despite their obvious intelligence and media savvy, all three display an apparently contradictory mixture of naivete and world-weariness when discussing their relationship with the media," reports Hitchings. "However, they recognised that they would be given an open forum in Playboy and were more than happy to talk frankly — in between jokes."

PLAYBOY: The whole concept of the Freaked Out Flower Children seems so perfect for the times that it's tempting to think of it as contrived. Whose idea was the band initially?

NICOLE: Mostly Gumpy's, though I thought of the name and the image, at least as far as clothes went. We'd played in other bands together — Soul Finger and Porno Messiahs — and we just wanted to do something different. We knew what sort of music we wanted to do before we started, sort of folk rock with a '90s dance beat, so to that extent this is premeditated. But we were all friends before we started — it wasn't totally contrived. It's not like we chose each other because of the way we looked. We didn't have a master plan for world domination or anything . . .

SOPHIE: We just wanted to have fun and make some money. No one was more surprised than us when we started to get this huge following playing live around Melbourne.

FIONA: I kept thinking that there must be some other act on that we didn't know about that everyone had come to see.

PLAYBOY: You may be updating '60s music with a '90s beat but you're also riding the current wave of nostalgia for the '60s. Why do you think today's teenagers are so into the era?

SOPHIE: I'm not sure they are, I think it's more a question of fashion. At the moment people really like the clothes from the '60s and I'm not sure it runs any deeper than that. Getting back to the music, I think you'd find that a lot of the young kids who come to our shows don't even realise that half our songs are covers. They think we wrote them.

PLAYBOY: You don't believe then that those things everyone associates with the '60s — like free love, psychedelic drugs and rebellion against authority — are also making a comeback?

FIONA: We do gigs at universities and I end up thinking, "What the fuck is going on?" There'll be all these students there looking more like trainee businessmen, and they're certainly not rebelling or even angry. Universities in the '60s might have been hotbeds of rebellion but they're certainly not now. On a more superficial level there was a survey in the paper the other day that said that acid was popular again and that's something I've noticed. The funniest thing was that the press wanted a statement from us about the comeback of acid. [*Much laughter*] The Freaked Out Flower Children — voice of a generation. [*More laughter*]

SOPHIE: This definitely isn't the time for free love though. AIDS has made a huge difference to that, especially among people whose friends have died or who know someone who's died. That's why we all feel so strongly about the issue of safe sex.

NICOLE: We all know about this from our modelling days because so many people we know from those days have died. You do find when you go out on a date now that condoms are an issue. I don't know anyone who doesn't consider it, but perhaps the crunch, the reality, only comes home to people when AIDS affects them personally.

PLAYBOY: Tricky and Gumpy seem to be the musical force behind the Freaked Out Flower Children — they produced the album and did most of the arrangements. Would you all like to get more involved in that side of things?

FIONA: We wanted to be co-producers, except in my case I couldn't because I don't know shit about the studio. I may not know shit, but I know what I like.

SOPHIE: We did have input. Tricky did all the programming though, he's the computer whiz in the band and he's worked with a lot of great people like Kate Ceberano and Arthur Baker. And he's very dedicated to his craft, he spends half his life in record shops and he's got a huge record collection which he scours for samples and stuff. He's right into what he does.

PLAYBOY: Because you do so many covers did you initially get lumped in with all the tribute bands that are around at the moment?

SOPHIE: Maybe initially, when people thought we were '60s revivalists.

FIONA: I never felt that. I never got the impression that people came along to see us because we were a purist '60s covers band. If they did they quickly left, I reckon.

SOPHIE: The only time it comes up is in interviews really.

FIONA: I know it's not the same thing exactly, but the tribute band I find funniest and like most is Dread Zeppelin. They're so off-the-wall! I just can't figure out how they got signed. There must be an acid casualty in an A&R department somewhere.

NICOLE: Can you imagine being the Peter Garrett figure in a band like Oils Ain't Oils? You'd have to shave your head and be six foot six tall . . .

FIONA: And be a real spastic dancer as well. Actually I like Peter Garrett, I used to be right into Midnight Oil. [*Breaks into chorus of King Of The Mountain*]

NICOLE: Why don't you go for the singer's job? You'd look good with a shaved head.

FIONA: Yeah, I've got a lovely round head.

NICOLE: But you're a little bit small.

FIONA: I could wear stilts.

SOPHIE: And real baggy trousers to cover up the stilts. That might make the dancing part a bit difficult though.

FIONA: Nah, it'd probably help. [*Everyone cracks up.*]

PLAYBOY: Do you ever feel that the band isn't taken as seriously as you'd like because you're all, to some extent — and especially you, Sophie — media figures?

NICOLE: The only real problem is when people just come along to see Sophie, not realising that she doesn't front the band. Promoters are often to blame for that.

SOPHIE: I don't even sing, I just play the wind instruments. I'm just one part of a five-piece band.

NICOLE: I think the problem is more that, because of the way we look, and because the concept of the band is so tight, people imagine that we're a manufactured band. People who have heard the album and then come to the shows are often surprised to discover that we're better live than we are on record.

PLAYBOY: On balance do you think your good looks have been a big advantage? It certainly adds to your appeal, but doesn't it also lead to the accusation of your being bimbos? Sophie, you've copped this particularly because of *The Bugs Bunny Show*.

SOPHIE: To some extent it's cowardice, because I'm an easy target. But this whole theory that because you're attractive and [*feigns horror*] *have blonde hair* you're stupid is the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard. This bimbo tag is something that makes me personally furious, the way people in Australia look at attractive women and immediately assume they're stupid. I think it's so backward, so anti-women. What are you meant to do, make yourself look hideous so that people will like you and you'll conform to somebody's idea of credibility? It's ridiculous.

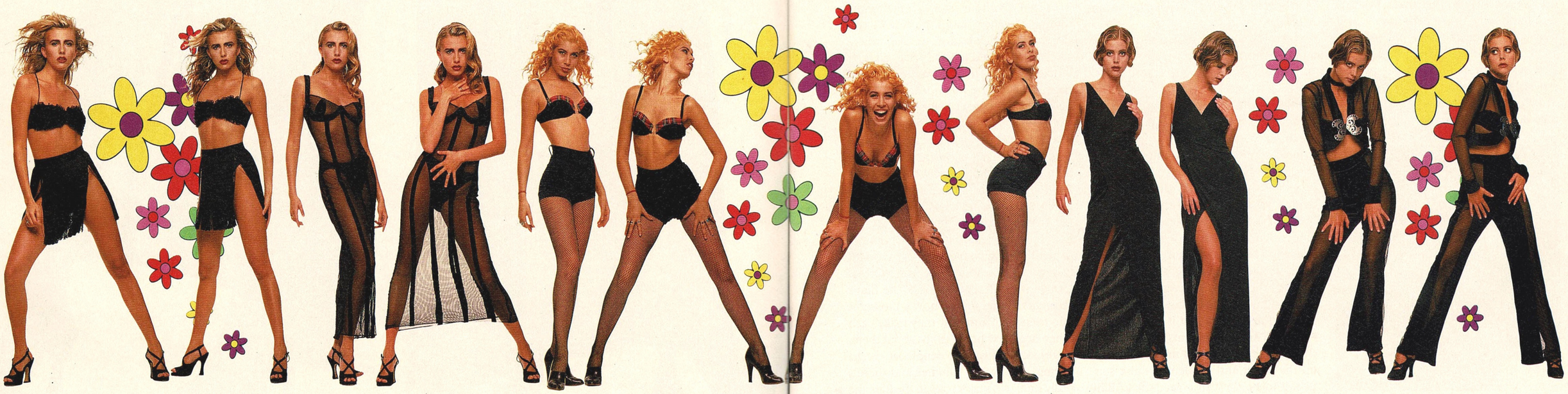
NICOLE: We've also been accused, because we wear skimpy clothes, of setting back feminism. But really we're promoting it. We enjoy our sexuality and we're also intelligent, successful women. There's no way we're going to change our dress sense just because some people don't like it. *That* would be setting back the cause of feminism.

SOPHIE: Surely the point is that feminism in the '90s is women doing what *they* want. And that's what we're doing. We're doing exactly what we want.

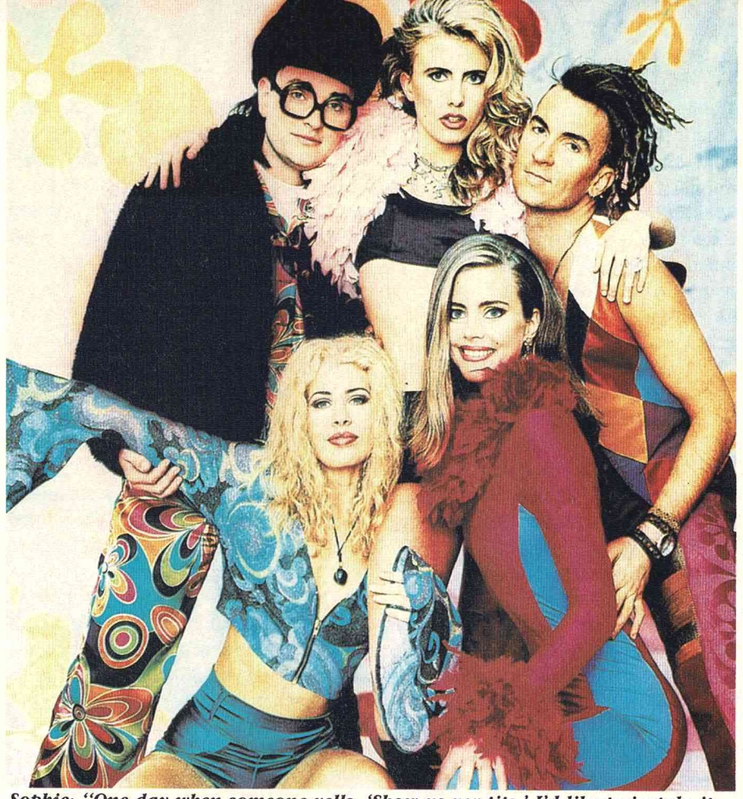
FIONA: We've accepted that it's something we have to contend with. The fact that we look good means we have to work twice as hard to prove ourselves.

PLAYBOY: Sophie, you've also been quoted as saying that a lot of people want you to be stupid. What do you think you'll have to do to convince these people that you're not?

SOPHIE: It's not hard. In the case of journalists all they have to do is put aside their preconceptions and prejudices and *talk* to me. I don't have a chip on my shoulder about being stupid — for God's sake I ▶



freaked out flower children



Sophie: "One day when someone yells, 'Show us yer tits,' I'd like to just do it, just whip 'em out."

grew up with intellectual parents, I did very well at school. I'm certainly not going to get up on stage in overalls and hobnailed boots and start blurting theories just to try and prove to people that I'm somehow "deep". What annoys me most is when I see articles about me with headings like "Sophie Lee Shakes The 'Stupid' Tag". There's only a "stupid" tag because they invented one in the first place, and the journalists only found out that I'm not stupid by talking to me.

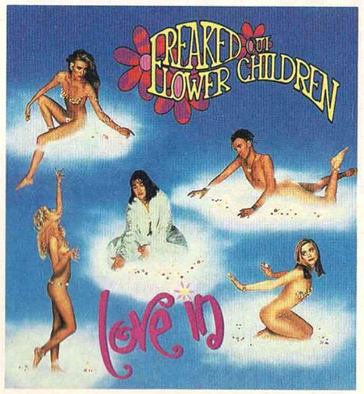
PLAYBOY: Your careers mean that you have to play the publicity game though, and obviously publicity, even bad publicity sometimes, is good for you. But it's fine line in that it leaves you open to a lot of criticism. For instance I've got a really bitchy article about Sophie here.

SOPHIE: Is that the one from *The Sydney Morning Herald*? I don't read my own publicity.

FIONA: It's hard when you open yourself up in interviews, and it's often the people who are really nice to your face who write the bitchiest stories. Can I see that story on Sophie?

SOPHIE: [*Glancing at the story*] I remember that one, and I'll tell you what happened. I could tell from the moment I met this guy that he'd already made up his mind about me. He arrived on the *Flying Doctors* set on a Friday afternoon after a week of 16 hour days and I had the flu and hadn't learnt my lines for the next scene yet. I should have cancelled the interview, but I doubt it would have made any difference because he'd obviously just come to cut me down. Unfortunately, it just makes you more guarded about what you say when you see the way that your words can get twisted, especially in the tabloids, who frequently make quotes up. Publicity is a problem.

NICOLE: There's nothing you can do. I know, because I used to be a reporter on *Countdown Revolution* and I realised in the editing room that I could make people seem like the most stupid fuckwits if I wanted to, but I don't think that's fair.



FIONA: Half the time you can imagine the scenario. You've got some guy who's just split up with his wife and has a chip on his shoulder about women and he thinks, "Well, fuck them. I'll show these bitches, bah humbug." [*Laughter all round*] And then he buries the hatchet — right in your head!

PLAYBOY: Sophie, were you surprised at all the controversy when you started at *Bugs Bunny* because of the clothes you wore on the show?

SOPHIE: Yeah. [*Sounds genuinely puzzled*] It was weird. The producers told me that any shop I wanted to get clothes from was fine with them — they wanted someone who had their own ideas about what they wanted to wear. Then suddenly I was supposedly corrupting young children and this religious group in Queensland wanted to sue me for exerting a bad influence on [*long pause*] *the universe!* Then there was the ABTA inquiry, though that never affected me because the Channel 9 lawyers sorted it all out. I just read about it in the paper.

PLAYBOY: Are your parents ever upset by the publicity you get? I mean they pick up the paper and suddenly you're supposed to be the cause of a rift in Billy Joel's marriage.

SOPHIE: I don't know. Maybe. I reckon though that they probably know what's bullshit and what isn't. As far as the Billy Joel incident goes, I sent them a clipping from *The Age* in which I explained exactly what happened, which is that he came backstage after one of our gigs and asked me out on a date. He made it quite clear that I couldn't bring my boyfriend, so I told him to piss off. That was it. That's the whole story. Apparently, though, the story about the row he and Christie Brinkley had in Hawaii, where she was supposed to have wrecked their hotel room, was true. It was on the front page of the *National Enquirer*, so it *must* be true. Of course, I believe everything I read!

PLAYBOY: Fiona, you've just finished making Richard Lowenstein's new film, *Say A Little Prayer*. What's it about and what's your part in it?

FIONA: My character's name is Angie and she's about 20 or 21, quite a lonely girl who's painted herself into a bit of a corner in her life and who meets this 12-year-old boy who's also lonely and introverted, though for different reasons. The film's about their relationship, how it blossoms into friendship and how they make each other face a few home truths about themselves. It's set over a couple of weeks during a really hot summer and there's really only two major roles in the film, the ▶

"Damn it, have you been seeing Van Gogh?"

freaked out flower children

boy and me.

PLAYBOY: As you and the boy have to carry the whole film, it would seem important that the two of you hit it off. Did you?

FIONA: No! Not at all. I hated him. [*Much laughter*] It made it really hard because we were supposed to develop this great empathy. My character is involved with drugs, which means she has the really extreme mood swings — one minute she's really open and affectionate and the next minute she's screaming, "Get fucked, you little shit." I found those hostile scenes very easy. [*More general hilarity*] The funniest thing was one scene that involved me walking backwards down a bus miming a song to him as he walks along behind me — it's a very happy scene. But when we saw the rushes that night I'm actually really pissed off with him and shouting at him right up until the point where Richard shouts, "Action," and then I'm like [*adopts syrupy voice*], "Hey! What a nice kid."

PLAYBOY: You've all done modelling — is that any sort of preparation for acting?

NICOLE: Oh, maybe. If you're doing a really good shoot and you're doing a story and really throwing yourself into it. I reckon those shoots are fantastic. And it does help you technically, with cameras. It just depends whether you have to convey anything emotionally.

SOPHIE: I've noticed that so many people who have just done theatre have a real problem with cameras, because a camera's right in your face. You have to act realistically, whereas in theatre you have to exaggerate everything — your voice, your facial expressions. It's a common thing that people who do a lot of theatre are overly melodramatic when they first work with film.

PLAYBOY: Whose idea was it for you all, except Tricky anyway, to get naked for the album cover?

NICOLE: Mostly mine. On the day of the shoot, when everyone was standing around wondering what they were gonna wear, I remember saying, "I just don't want to wear anything, I don't even want to think about another outfit."

SOPHIE: Nicky also had the idea to put us on clouds and to drape us in flowers.

NICOLE: The way I originally saw it was that we would use lots of real flowers, but it was just too difficult to stick 'em on! In the end we had to have them air-brushed in afterwards.

PLAYBOY: Have you come in for much criticism for that, being accused of cynically using sex to sell records?

FIONA: No, not at all. In fact there was a great letter in a newspaper supporting us. The public response seems to be, "What's the big deal?" They know it's not meant to be pornographic or even titillating. It's not like, "Cor, look at that!"

SOPHIE: We're more like little nymphettes, little cherubs.

PLAYBOY: Okay, confession time. Who did the heavy breathing and sex noises on the album and how did they manage to keep a straight face?

NICOLE: [*Raising her hand and looking sheepish*] It was me. And to me it was a joke, I mean it has to be.

FIONA: Nicky's actually hiring herself out now to do sex noises on other people's records.

NICOLE: Yeah, Brian Mannix has actually asked me to do it again on one of his songs — I'm going to corner the market in sex noises! A lot of people must think, "Cor, that must be how she fucks!" [*Laughs*] Not at all! It's make-believe! By the time I came to do the heavy breathing on *Wild Thing* we were all totally stir crazy from being in the studio too long. I actually did those while pretending to kick someone's head in! Instead of thinking about love and sex I was actually imagining kicking someone I really disliked. [*Stands up and demonstrates*] I did that because we didn't want it to be so stereotypically sex-noisy, we wanted to sound quite aggressive, quite tough. I do it on stage too.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned earlier that you'd been accused of "setting back feminism". Is it women's groups that have made that accusation?

FIONA: No, that's the worst thing. That was written by a man, for God's sake.

NICOLE: Yeah, that's the most annoying thing, the fact that that phrase was used by a male journalist. I think we're advancing feminism — we can be happy with who we are and what we wanna wear without thinking, "Do I look like a slut, do I look like a secretary, who am I trying to impress?" Fuck that.

SOPHIE: Personally, I feel like a whole range of different women and I think that's fine. I can feel like a slut, a tramp, a genius, a mother, a friend — to men and women — all sorts of different things.

PLAYBOY: Do you have lots of male groupies?

NICOLE: Actually, it's a real disappointment to us. We get them back into the band room and say, "C'mon," and they won't put out. They just don't put out like the girls.

FIONA: Guys just work differently. But we get heaps of guys to our shows. And a fair chunk of girls for Gump and, increasingly, Tricky. We call Tricky "Trunky" now.

SOPHIE: We're all getting our fluff, don't you worry about that.

NICOLE: While we get a lot of guys up the front, I think they're often a bit intimidated by us.

SOPHIE: Well, when they shout, "Show us yer tits," we stare back at them and they just *shrink*.

FIONA: Or we ask them to show us their dicks first. That usually shuts them up. Actually, we've got to the stage where we hardly notice it. There's rarely any malice involved. All these guys want is a bit of interaction, they don't actually expect us to do it. The fact that we're talking back to them is all they really want, even if we are saying, "Get fucked!" [*Much laughter*] We're all smart arses and we can all handle hecklers.

SOPHIE: One day when someone yells out, "Show us yer tits," I'd like to just do it, just whip 'em out [*laughs*] and then ask them if we can get on with the show now.

NICOLE: I think a lot of the guys would actually like to think of us simply as sex objects but when they see us up on stage, interacting and having fun, they realise that we're [*adopts tone of mock horror*] *just like them*.

PLAYBOY: Finally, did you have any qualms about being interviewed by *Playboy*? There are some people who won't. For instance Kylie backed out at the eleventh hour.

ALL: [*In unison*] Nah, we think it's really cool. We've always wanted to do it.

NICOLE: Kylie's a friend of mine. She wanted to do it but I think her management might have stopped her.

SOPHIE: *Playboy* has good interviews and good articles, that's why I wanted to do it.

FIONA: Of course Sophie just buys it for the stories.

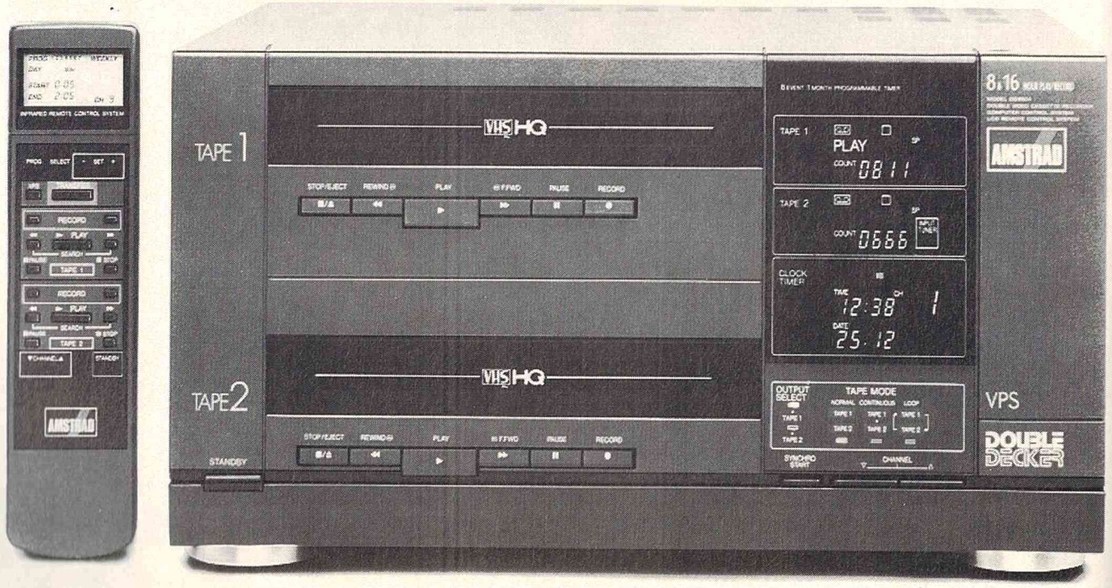
SOPHIE: [*In mock indignation*] No, I look at the pictures too.

NICOLE: The last time I looked at *Playboy* there was actually a letter begging the magazine to get Sophie as a centrefold. Maybe this is a convoluted way of talking her into it.

FIONA: And any moment a photographer's going to come through the door with a bag of body make-up.

SOPHIE: Nah, we think *Playboy*'s great. We dig it.

▶▶ SO ADVANCED IT



EVEN TAPES TAPES

THE AMSTRAD DOUBLE DECKER IS HERE

The Amstrad Double Decker is brilliantly simple. It does everything you think a video recorder should do, but up till now has not.

At last you can watch a video and record a programme at the same time. If the programme you want to record runs over the length of a video tape, you don't have to worry because the Amstrad Double Decker can record up to 16 hours continuously using two E240 tapes.

It can play back for the same amount of time, too, so it's perfect for product demonstrations, parties and the like.

In addition to these practical benefits, it's fun for the technically minded, too. It does a heap of complicated programming tricks all from the very clever infra-red remote control unit with LCD timer.

Fortunately for the rest of us, the Amstrad Double Decker also has a very simple one-button quick timer recording option, selectable up to 16 hours. But, most of all, it tapes tapes. Not that we suggest you do. The Amstrad Double Decker, brilliantly simple and brilliantly priced. **$999 RRP.**

AMSTRAD VIDEO

Simultaneous timer and manual operation ▶▶ Watch a video/record a channel simultaneously ▶▶ HQ technology for superb picture quality ▶▶ Continuous 16 hours record/playback ▶▶ Loop repeat record/playback using one or two tapes ▶▶ Eight event over one month programmable timer ▶▶ Infra-red remote control with LCD timer programmer ▶▶ Long play facility providing double the record/playback time ▶▶ One-button quick timer recording selectable up to 16 hours.

AVAILABLE AT THE FOLLOWING STORES: BRASHS SUPER STORES, JOHN MARTIN'S, RADIO RENTALS (S.A. ONLY), K-MART AND SELECTED GRACE BROS AND MYER STORES.

LEGAL WARNING: TELEVISION BROADCASTS AND PRERECORDED VIDEO TAPES CONTAIN MATERIAL WHICH IS PROTECTED BY COPYRIGHT LAWS AND CANNOT BE DUPLICATED WITHOUT THE CONSENT OF THE COPYRIGHT OWNER.

ACN 003 394 009 NEO ONE 268 PLAY

DON'T VOTE — A POLITICIAN ALWAYS GETS IN — graffiti in a Melbourne street

BOYZ N The BEAR PIT

Politicians: Can't live with 'em, can't shoot 'em. But for very good reasons, writes David Greason, we love to hate 'em.

Who'd want to be a politician? The hours are long, the money's nowhere near as good as that earned by captains of industry. If you're a state pollie no one knows who the hell you are or what the hell you do, and if you're a federal pollie you're forced to spend half of the year in a frozen country ▶

ILLUSTRATION BY [illegible] LÖBBECKE

BEARPIT

town where you can't even get a decent steak sandwich after 8pm.

Every three years you're expected to kiss snot-encrusted babies and stump around old peoples' homes listening to some demented old bat complain about Ben Chifley and bank nationalisation. And even if you're lucky enough to hang on to your seat with a majority of three, thanks to a leakage of preferences from the Fair Go For Our Ustashi Veterans Party, you've still got all the worry of whether you're going to get The Phone Call offering you a position in the Ministry, the Shadow Ministry or the Float Tank (if you're an Australian Democrat).

Then there's the abuse. All the time. In the mail, down the telephone line at three in the morning, on the wall of the electoral office in six-foot-high letters, from just behind the toilet block at fund-raising barbecues. You can understand people's being a bit testy when the bottom's fallen out of the dollar and unemployment looks like hitting 13 per cent, but it's never those things that people complain about. Never.

The former Victorian premier John Cain would have known that only too well. Some years ago, Cain was plodding around at a Victorian Football Association match when from the distance arose the most unearthly keening wail. "Owooooooo! Owooooooo!" Yes! It was the obligatory Bad-Tempered Fat Old Bag at the Footy! "John Fuckin' Cain!" she bellowed. "John Fuckin' Cain!" Her mouth was a dental graveyard, open for inspection Sundays. "Why don'tcha piss off back to Canberra and fix up the fuckin' country, why don'tcha?"

"I love the mode you're in!"

Now John Cain wasn't the World's Greatest Premier, and even he would admit that his government made more than a few mistakes during his time in office, but the poor old beggar didn't deserve that. A tap on the shoulder with the discreet whispered message, "Your lot have rooted the State Bank and put us all in debt, yea unto the sixth generation," perhaps, but not the old "I can't tell the difference between state and federal politics because I spend all my time reading the Form Guide" gripe. Not when a man's enjoying a bit of footy.

Feeling remorseful? Ashamed of yourself for harbouring unworthy and churlish thoughts about these hard-working men and women who sacrifice their lives to make Australia a Great Nation while you sit on your fat arse and carp? That's just how they'd like us to feel. Don't throw yourself on to the railway tracks just yet.

Let us go instead to Coburg Town Hall, in Melbourne's northern suburbs. Now Coburg is as good a place as any in Australia to muse awhile on politics, politicians and public opinion. It's what the sociologists call an "old working-class suburb under transformation". In other words, half the population still has fond memories of the bygone days of 70 per cent tariffs and the White Australia Policy, while the other half is left wondering where to get a decent kebab. It's Arthur Calwell's worst nightmare.

Like much of urban Australia, Coburg's industrial base owes more to the '50s and '60s (textiles, light engineering) than the imaginary '90s (high-tech microcomputers, bio-medical research) which our politicians keep telling us are on their way. Federally it's a Labor seat. For various reasons there was a bit of a swing against the incumbent at the last election, but this is Victoria, so you had to take it for granted.

When we visited there was a by-election on in Coburg. An important by-election, for the federal seat we speak of is that of Wills. Bob Hawke's old seat. And there we were in Coburg Town Hall with 600 other good citizens to check out the Liberal Party's candidate.

Anyone who has been political trend-watching over the past five years will have noticed that there is an ugly mood in the community toward politicians — party politicians in particular. Some people are actually saying that politicians are bastards. Ooooh.

For some reason, the electorate has got it into its collective head that politicians and the big parties have sold people out. Actually, this is due to a number of reasons, not the least of which is that even diehard Liberal voters expected more compassion from a Labor government than has been evident from this one.

Another reason is related to the suspicion that parties are becoming increasingly blase about their traditional voters. Working on the assumption that blue-ribbon seats will invariably remain that way, the big parties now spend most of their time wooing handfuls of voters in marginals. That's the price you pay for loyalty: you're left with nowhere to go. In electorates like Wills, safe Labor ones, where the subtleties of micro-economic reforms are lost on the average voter, that feeling is very strong. And the parties know it.

So how did the major parties respond to this ground swell of discontent?

The Liberal candidate for Wills was a local businessman — probably a very good businessman, and more than likely a very decent chap. So why, you may ask, was he being locked up 24 hours a day with a minder from Liberal Party headquarters? Why, you may also ask, did the Liberal Party actually move someone into his house? What did they think their man was going to do — go on national television and accidentally eat a rat?

The minder had apparently done this before. Did he follow the candidates around for the rest of their lives if they won? Most importantly, what did that say about the Liberal Party's attitude toward the people of the Wills electorate? Didn't they deserve the chance to vote for a walking, talking, living candidate.

Last year, former ALP minister Barry Cohen suggested that an appointed upper house based on merit would do wonders for our political system. Leaving aside the wisdom or otherwise of that particular proposal, he did make some telling points in favour.

"The reason our finest are not in parliament is easy to understand," Cohen wrote in *The Bulletin*. "The present party political system is a disincentive to the brightest and best becoming involved. Those who are outstanding in their fields are too busy writing, composing, inventing, building or whatever to attend the myriad branch meetings, conferences and manoeuvring necessary to gain preselection. That is particularly true during those vital years from 30 to 50 when politicians establish themselves in the party machine."

The manoeuvring was certainly in evidence at the Coburg Town Hall. All the big guns were out there — John Hewson, Peter Reith, Phillip Ruddock. The candidate was there too, safely in the background. The party allowed him one sentence — "The Fightback Begins Tonight". Then the hook came out. Whoosh.

Then there was the ALP. How did the worker's party choose its candidate? There were two possibles, one from the party's left and one from the right. Both of them eminently worthy. The one from the right won. Democracy at work? Not really. The one from the left would have won had another person from the left turned up at the preselection. And where was he? At a function for the Victorian governor! A viceroy! That's democracy for you! Pass up party business, and pass the pate and biscuits!

And cast your mind back to why they were having a by-election in Wills in the first place. Recall for a moment the tear-jerking scenes in Parliament House on the night that Hawke lost the leadership to Paul Keating. Recall Hawke's attempted self-abasing ramble about how he could have made so much more money had he not sacrificed his career to the public good. Excuse us, but you've obviously mistaken us for people who give a shit. There are hundreds of thousands of jobless people in Australia, the economy is on bad acid, and whether it's Hawke's fault, Fraser's fault, Whitlam's fault or Billy Hughes's fault, it's going to be difficult working up tears for someone who's been bringing in around $150,000 a year for the past eight years, not to mention the Lodge, the cars, the air travel, the free meals and the little gifts that come through the mail from mad pensioners.

Crime and politics tend to mix well in NSW. One former NSW justice minister, Ley, most likely committed a murder.

Sweet Jesus, who do these people think they are? Who do they think *we* are?

Dr Jim Cairns was in federal parliament for more than 20 years, and in that time served as treasurer and deputy prime minister in the Whitlam government. Since leaving parliament, Cairns has devoted much of his time to developing a more nurturing, responsive politics, however much this must seem to be an uphill battle.

This one-time key mover of the left is singularly unimpressed by public life today. "Politicians and other public figures are at the lowest esteem that I can remember," he told *Playboy*.

"I think this is largely due to their practising the prevailing 'values' of self-interest and cleverness. These things are apparently needed to get on."

In his time, he said, such naked self-interest wasn't so marked. "Social values, whatever they were, had more influence then," he said. "But it's everywhere now. All the time."

Many politicians, particularly those who were once MPs and now enjoy the luxury of commenting acidly on the system they were once part of, argue that most MPs — from all parties — are good people who want to do the best for others. That motivation alone should raise most voters' suspicions. The sad fact is that many of those undoubtedly "good" people are moved by urges too complicated for our understanding.

When examining the vexed question — are politicians rogues? — you have to set some ground rules.

Firstly, you can't be partisan about this. People actually involved in politics can be — after all, for better or worse, politics is a partisan game. You can't really expect people to like the other side. But whether a politician is a rogue or not transcends the party system.

Secondly, it's got nothing to do with popularity. It is undeniable that politicians like Joh Bjelke-Petersen and Russ Hinze were fantastically popular, and yet we've got the Fitzgerald Inquiry Report as a testament to their contributions to Australian democracy.

It's not even a matter of particular members' being venal, sleazy, evil operators, although there's plenty of them about. As federal parliament's only independent MP, Ted Mack, told *Playboy*: "People on the make are always attracted to centres of power. I feel sorry for political parties at times. They can't control who their members are — anyone can get in. For example, there was a strong rumour around in the '70s that the Labor Party and the union movement attracted a high proportion of drug dealers. And some of them got into parliament."

Crime and politics tend to mix well in NSW, though. One former NSW justice minister, Ley, most likely committed a ▶

BEARPIT

murder. The reign of former Liberal premier Sir Robert Askin saw the institutionalisation of crime in NSW.

That's the filthy end of the game. Ultimately, however, honesty in politics is largely a question of not taking unfair advantage of the situation you find yourself in. You're not an honest politician simply because you were never formally charged over the drug offences, and, anyway, all the various accusations which fly around about money in briefcases are never *actually* proved. Public representatives are simply expected to behave appropriately.

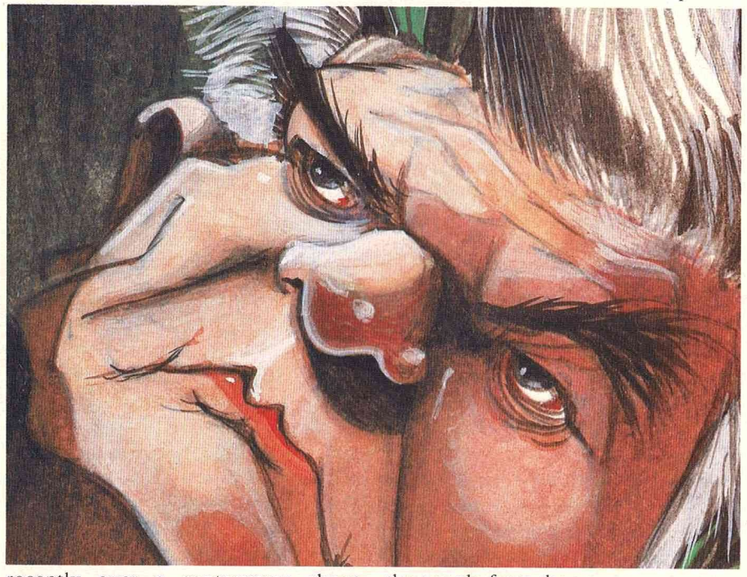
Russ Hinze was a good case in point. He never actually had anyone murdered. Well, we don't think he did. By all accounts he was a likable bloke. But he was a crook. When he was Minister for Racing it was suggested to him that there might be a conflict of interest arising from the fact that he himself owned a racehorse. Big Russ (who once faced an Australian Democrat opponent whose election slogan was "Ten Stone Lighter And A Lot Brighter") couldn't get his head around that one. He thought his ownership of a horse made him *superbly* qualified to be the Minister for Racing. To be fair, he may never have profited from that position. He certainly profited from developer George Herscu, however, who ended up with a five-year sentence for corruptly paying Hinze $100,000.

Even the *really* nice ones sometimes let you down. Take Charles Blunt, the short-lived National Party leader, after Ian Sinclair (harrumph) and before the one they've got in now. Now Charles Blunt was a decent enough bloke. He wasn't someone who was going to set the world on fire, but he wasn't in communion with Satan like some in that party either. He couldn't have been, because he was the only National Party leader to lose his seat in an election.

There was more than a little irony in this. For Charles Blunt, the Little Leader Who Couldn't, had spent $255,560 on postage in two weeks before election day, 1990. That's a lot of letters. Do you have any idea how many letters that is? In those days a stamp cost 41 cents. That's 623,317 letters. But that's only at the full rate. At bulk rates of less than 10 cents a letter, that's more than two-and-a-half million letters. There were only 832,898 National Party voters in all of Australia in the last election! And guess who paid? It sure as hell didn't come out of the National Party's petty cash float. We paid.

And just to make sure there were no suggestions of horrible partisanship, the federal government in February this year decided against pursuing civil action to recoup the money. One federal police officer, Detective-Superintendent Peter Phillips, had earlier written to the Director of Public Prosecutions: "To do other than bring this matter to court would seriously erode public confidence in its law enforcement agencies." Ah yes, but that was just *his* opinion.

It's not as though all the politicians are entirely oblivious to this state of affairs. Victoria's premier, Joan Kirner, was reported to have cried in state cabinet



recently over a controversy about spending vast amounts of money on renovations of her ministers' offices.

Needless to say her weeping prompted a few misogynist barbs, and it is probably not entirely unfair to suggest that she had at least one teary eye on public opinion, which has been less than favourable to the Labor Party in Victoria for the past couple of years. But at the end of the day, who could honestly blame her? Even a circus strongman would shed tears if he had to sit in cabinet with someone who was trying to lever $25,000 out of the public purse for an *en suite* bathroom, in a state which has become a byword for bad management.

(It is interesting to note, however, that when Opposition Leader Jeff Kennett suggested last year that Labor MPs be deprived of their superannuation entitlements, he triggered off public outrage and was forced to abandon his proposal. Some political correspondents argued at the time that while the general public no doubt agreed with Kennett's view that politicians who stuffed up the economy were hardly entitled to reap the substantial super pay-outs they had set aside for themselves, it was not exactly fair just to penalise the Labor Party. "Bankrupt 'em all and let God sort 'em out" appeared to be the general opinion.)

And then, of course, there's always Queensland. Poor old Queensland. The criminals who hid out in the Bjelke-Petersen government were so brazen that when the whole stinking business came crashing down around their ears, it seemed likely that only incorruptible souls with valid baptism and confirmation certificates would be allowed to represent the people from then on.

That was until the state's Criminal Justice Commission found that at least 12 politicians from the three main parties — including the police minister, Mr Mackenroth — had claimed the cost of private trips as parliamentary expenses. Some of the excuses were worth the cost of the trips themselves, undoubtedly headed by the MP who visited Melbourne with his family so he could study Victoria's right-hand turn traffic system.

Much of the problem seems to be due to a general air of contempt that the parties themselves have toward electors. Anyone who hangs around political circles, be they state or federal, is likely to hear the most amazing — but true — stories about the people who laughingly describe themselves as our representatives.

For example, there is the MP whose newspaper clipping file consists almost entirely of whimsical stories from gossip columns. In all the years he's "represented" his electorate, he has raised its interests in parliament a handful of times. Thankfully he'll never get nominated to a ministry. This hard-working member recently won preselection for another seat, miles away — and then promptly shifted his electorate office there. His former electors now have no one to take up their issues unless they're willing to travel 40 kilometres there and back. When *Playboy* asked an MP from the other side how the locals had taken to their MP's being absent, he simply asked: "How on earth could they tell?"

Then there's the federal hopeful who by all accounts is educationally subnormal. Most politicians' speeches are dull — this one's are so dull he forgets what he's saying mid-sentence. His apparent memory lapses culminated in a celebrated incident which Canberra hacks delight in retelling. The pollie and his secretary were driving through the outback to an important meeting, but were running very late. They hit a small town on the way and so the pollie had the secretary leap out of the car to ring ahead, while he bought some chewy at the local store. As the secretary was speaking to the people they were meant to meet, his boss leapt back into the car and drove off. It wasn't until he reached the meeting more than an hour later that he realised he'd left his secretary behind . . . and even then he only realised when he was asked.

As in so many cases, this small-town genius won preselection because of family connections. And the chances are he'll be in federal parliament after the next election, simply because he's got the right party's backing.

And yet we're so forgiving of these people. Is it because we can't be bothered going through the intellectual effort of working out why our parliamentary system stinks?

Have a look around federal parliament. Who are most of the people there? A senator recently told *Playboy* of the unutterable despair he felt as he observed his colleagues. "Most of them have no aptitude," he acknowledged. "Perhaps 10 per cent have anything in them."

State parliaments are even worse. It's perhaps unfair to expect anything better from lawyers and real estate agents, people so dumb that they can't even get their party's preselection for federal seats, but it has to be admitted that state politics throughout the country isn't exactly burdened with brilliance.

And if you want to see democracy at its most base level? Observe the preselection process. Who are these people the parties put up? Where do they come from? And why do we keep voting for them?

It is a perpetual wonder that the major parties have such a paucity of talent when it comes to picking candidates — even for safe seats. It isn't as if the public funds are limited when it comes to remuneration. Even hopeless old backbenchers get $61,798 a year — not bad when the average male wage is $27,617.20. They also get free air travel, living-away-from-home allowance and other expenses. As an example of the deals politicians can cut for themselves, in a new salary package in 1990, all 224 members and senators were offered a new car in return for a $6000 a year pay cut. The retail costs of the cars varied from $15,000 to $21,000, and the government picked up the bill for all running and maintenance costs. Just to sweeten the deal, the cars could be used by the members on parliamentary or private business and could be driven by eligible family members or friends.

In 1990, independent candidates for the House of Representatives polled the highest percentage of votes — 5.9 per cent — since 1946. This election also saw the election of the first independent — Ted Mack — since Sam Benson won the Victorian seat of Batman in 1966, and he'd formerly been the ALP member. In an election which saw a significant shift away from the three major parties, the Australian Democrats nearly doubled their lower house vote to 11.2 per cent.

Mack is seen by some to represent the new wave of politics, a wave which has been most apparent in New South Wales with the repeated election of independent candidates, such as Mack, the anti-corruption campaigner John Hatton and Clover Moore.

Ted Mack: "Quite frankly, most people would disembowel their own grandmother to get into government."

Other states have had and have independent members in their parliaments from time to time, but with the exception of Tasmania, which enjoys a system of proportional representation, these have been few and far between. Only in NSW has a clear trend developed.

Mack believes the quality of independents — rather than simply the opportunity to vote for anyone else — has contributed largely to this. "I don't want to start blowing our trumpet," Mack told *Playboy*, "but independents can't get into power unless they've a track record of community involvement. People like John Hatton and Clover Moore didn't get elected by accident."

Nevertheless, there is a clear mood in the community that politicians are not serving the people well. "There's a very bad odour around politicians, as the endless inquiries and royal commissions around the country over the past eight years have shown," he said.

"There are two aspects to this. One is the party system. It protects its own. Members couldn't do just what they wanted if they knew they were on their own.

"The other thing is self-regulation. I don't believe it works. I follow Adam Smith dictum — when any group of people gather together to set their own rules there's likely to be a conspiracy against the public. And the public knows this."

The former prime minister Billy McMahon once copped an enormous amount of flak when, in answer to the question "What is politics?", he said, "It's about getting into office and staying there." The problem was that such honesty was unwelcome. Perhaps he should have mentioned something about helping the battlers.

Ted Mack isn't fooled, though. "We know, because the parties admit it, that, fundamentally, getting into government is the be-all and end-all," he said. "People will do anything to get into government. Frankly, most people would disembowel their own grandmother to get into government."

Recently, Denmark's largest daily newspaper, the Copenhagen-based *Ekstra Bladet*, enacted a 100 day moratorium on all political coverage in reaction to what the paper's editors saw as incompetent and unproductive government. The embargo began three days after Denmark's parliament opened for a new legislative session. The PM's opening speech was the last straw — when the paper's political reporters compared it with past pronouncements, they found the same promises over and over again.

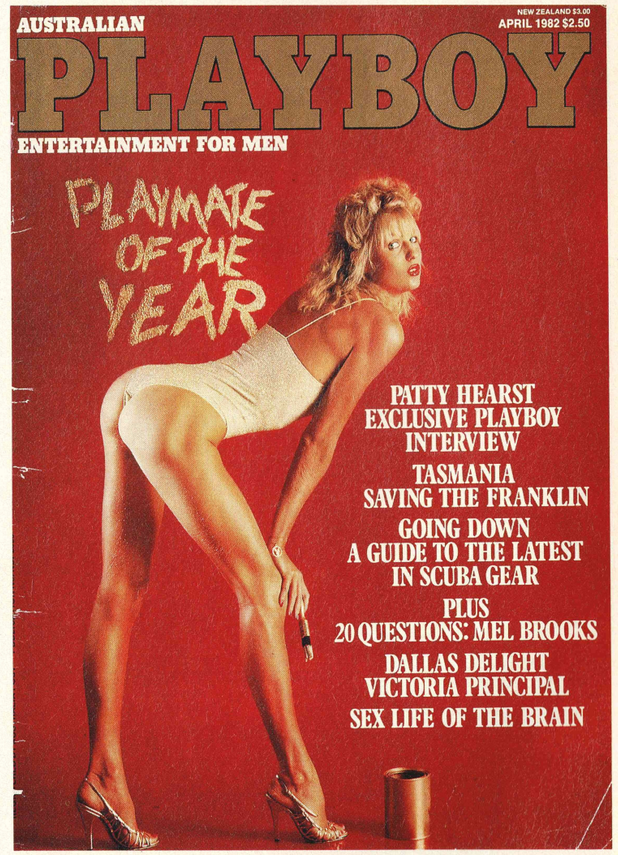
It's not a bad idea for Australia, but you couldn't really pull it off here. For a start, no one would take it seriously. However loathed politicians are, journalists are right down there with them.

LYN'S BACK

The girl who ran away with the boy from the Blue Lagoon is back — lovelier than ever!

Way back in 1981, a fresh young beauty from Toowoomba named Lyn Barron caught our eye in a Girls of the Gold Coast pictorial. Still not 21, she was so striking that we couldn't wait to do a Playmate shoot with her, and in due course she emerged as Miss October of that year. And on her data sheet she shyly confided that one of her favourite movies was *The Blue Lagoon*.

Talk about fate! Lynnie proved to be a knockout choice for Playmate of the Year in 1982, after which she was whisked off to America to do a TV show for US *Playboy* — where she was introduced to none other than the star of *The Blue Lagoon*, Christopher Atkins. You've guessed it (if you don't actually remember the headlines): in 1985 she and Chris married in New York. Since then she's been leading the high life of a movie star's wife, and raising two lively, blond-headed youngsters, Grant, six, and Brittney, four, who mischievously popped bubble gum



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID MECEY

through the interview when we caught up with her again Sydneyside.

Lynnie Atkins, 10 years older, beautiful, self-assured and even more striking than ever, is back here with husband Chris, who's starring in Phil Avalon's new movie *Exchange Lifeguards* with Elliott Gould. While she was on set it was suggested to her that she might do a walk-on part herself. "And then," says Lynnie, "I just thought, why not do another pictorial for *Playboy*. I work out every day, and my body's better than ever. It was a matter of pride, really, to show I could still do it."

Why not indeed! We knew she was right and we think you'll agree after a long hard look at these pictures. In fact a lot of our readers might like to leaf through their files and compare! Meantime Lynnie had to say a wistful goodbye for the moment to Avalon Beach, where the movie was filmed, to go and keep a watchful eye on her children's clothes-designing business, Little Mates, back home in Los Angeles. But she and Chris promised to return to promote *Exchange Lifeguards*, and this magazine!

So keep your eyes open — Lyn's back!

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES ASHCROFT

Kickboxing, by Salvatore Prenesti and David Greason's calculations, is 10 per cent blood and 90 per cent haemoglobin. But it sure beats shooting wild animals!

The Kicking Fields

The Southern Cross in Melbourne isn't what you'd call one of the world's great hotels, but it's classy enough — in a '60s sense — to bring in the Japanese tourists and the Jewish wedding parties. They also do a good line in conventions — tonight, in the Australis North Room, there's a seminar on perfect presentations, while Ballroom A is hosting a "Career Track Seminar" on *The Art And Skill Of Assertive Communication*.

It is unlikely, however, that the young men in T-shirts and cross-trainers lounging around the hotel's lobby have much of a problem with assertiveness. They're here for kickboxing in the hotel's Australis Room. As are we.

All things considered, it's a great night for incongruity. Hundreds of young men, testosterone ablaze, here to watch other young men kick the shit out of each other . . . in a fancy hotel. At least it gives us the opportunity to take three minutes' silence in memory of Keith Moon. Yet they're the most well-behaved group of young men outside a Jehovah's Witnesses convention. The loudest thing about them is their shirts.

Perhaps it's the rest of the crowd. Close to half of them are women. The most drop-dead gorgeous women in all of Christendom.

It's hard to think of any other event, sporting or otherwise, in Australia, where a mind-bendingly attractive young woman can approach two men armed with tinnies and shoulder-length perms to politely ask them to sit elsewhere . . . and they do. No smart back-chat. No misogynist whining. Then again, it could also be the fear of having their heads dislodged by the ambulatory brick-shithouses of security.

Out the front of the ballroom, the vendors have got their stalls up, selling Jeff Fenech T-shirts. By the look of the crowd, though, they'd be making better money selling mobile phones.

Inside the Australis Room, the atmosphere is closer to a glitzy Las Vegas nightclub than the usual sweat-soaked arena in which you would expect to find this uncompromising and undoubtedly brutal sport. There's not even a whiff of Dencorub.

The scruffy old men and slimy bookmakers who inhabit boxing's domain are nowhere to be seen. The lights are too bright, and the ▶

"First I faked chastity. Then I faked orgasm. Now I fake fidelity."

The Kicking Fields

music definitely too loud for anyone not prepared to embrace kickboxing's youthful obsession with the "G" word — Glamour.

Kickboxing has a mixed reputation, with some emphasis on the dubious. For example: tonight's extravaganza is organised by Yakusa Promotions. Now, for those unversed in the minutiae of Japanese philanthropic organisations, the Yakusa go around collecting freewill donations from major construction companies. Under pain of death. Surely they've not got into Australian sport as well?

To our (and the National Crime Authority's) relief, it's just a name. The Australian Yakusa would appear to consist of two Greek chaps, Con and Con (or, to make it easier for readers, Big Con and Little Con). Little Con is nowhere to be seen tonight, which is, alas, the fate of Little Cons throughout history.

"Nothing — nothing — pleases the crowd more than to see a knockout with a punch or, better, a kick in the head."

Big Con, however, cannot be missed. He's the guy in The Shirt. When we arrive and ask where to find him, we're told: "He's the guy in the shirt." Later, when the announcer thanks Con for his organising, someone behind us mutters: "He's the guy in the shirt." (To see the shirt, close your eyes tight, and press hard on the eyeballs for three or four minutes. Open them quickly. What you then see is the shirt, or at least the shirt's aftermath.)

The peach-tone seats are filling now, and then the music starts up. The music is grim. We're talking the *Theme From Rocky* meets *The Final Countdown*. Again and again and again and again. What's worse, the record keeps jumping as if the sound system has epilepsy. Room lights dim. Ring lights up.

And it's kick-off!

Any Australian on the "ferret run" to Thailand would have witnessed this full-on style of fighting. Kickboxing isn't simply boxing with feet, it's heavily influenced by the martial arts of Japan, Korea and China. The boxing culture in Western countries has also encouraged Thai boxers to use their fists as much as they once relied on their footwork.

The style of fighting depends on which rules are in operation. International rules allow just feet and fists to be used; American rules allow elbows and knees as well; the Thais allow the forehead — an Asian version of the Liverpool kiss. The sport is still young in Australia, so at times there seem to be no rules at all in operation, a situation only worsened by the continual changes.

The sport was introduced to Australia in 1976 by Melbourne martial arts guru Bob Jones. He has his own theory on kickboxing's popularity. It is not comforting. "People are accepting violence on a higher level," he says. "Look at the mass murderer who just got 15 times life for killing all those teenagers in America, and look at the Hoddle Street thing and the Telecom thing and the recent one in Sydney."

If nothing else, it's an interesting angle. Perhaps promoters should be looking at World Championship Mall Slaughter. (How would they arrange the seating?)

It is still too early to know whether kickboxing will go the way of '70s fads like Kung Fu and flares. "Violent" sports have taken quite a belting in recent times, and despite Bob Jones's legitimate objections to lumping in kickboxing with other pugilistic pursuits, the average punter will probably find it hard to recognise the subtle difference. Perhaps people like their violence to come in other guises. "When I go to an Australian Rules football match nothing makes me sicker than seeing a player raise his hands to catch a ball and someone else punch him on the back of the head," Jones laments. "It happens all day at a football match. At least these kids face each other."

As boxing writers have noted for years, it is not the easiest thing in the world to sit and watch two guys knock each other about. Matters are much worse, though, when as soon as one pair is off, another pair comes on, and then another. Just to make things almost unbearable, they have a Greek vs Aussie bout. Now there's a way of releasing multicultural frustrations. "C'mon," we're told, "be parochial." Most oblige.

The small-town feel is highlighted when the sponsors' names are reeled off — Ron Stefan, "restaurateur extraordinary", Preston Movieland, The Mariners restaurant ("pop in for lunch"). The bizarre touches offered by the sponsors are only eclipsed by the post-fight summaries of the fighters themselves. "I'd like to thank my good mate Stewart . . . I forget your last name," says one. Angy "The Angel" Gousos, middleweight titleholder, is given to mysterious comments. "I was hungry for this one, Howard. I was riding the tiger."

(continued on page 104)

Acting up

July Playmate Cady Cantrell gets a taste of the limelight.

When Cady Cantrell arrived in town to shoot her Playmate centrefold, she had just finished her first acting class and was eager to try out her new skills. So after a hectic day of photo sessions, we decided to introduce her to an acting group at a theatre restaurant on the city's north side. We're thinking dinner and shop-talk with a rising star of the troupe before catching his show. But he has a surprise for Cady. "How about joining us for a small part in the second act?" Suddenly timid, Cady demurs, but we cajole her until she agrees.

The small, scuffed lobby is mobbed with people waiting to get into the theatre, so he escorts us through a side door to the troupe's equivalent of a balcony seat — a stool at the rail — where we can catch the first act. Throughout the performance, Cady's presence creates a stir — especially when one of the skits refers to her upcoming *Playboy* appearance and the audience realises just who that great-looking woman seated at the railing is. For Cady, who is getting

"I think a lot of girls would pose for Playboy if they had the bodies for it. For me," says Cady, "there is a real sense of joy in not having clothes on, though, in the beginning of the photo shoot, I was nervous because I was nude and everyone else was fully dressed."

nervous at her prospective stage debut, the lights rise for intermission all too soon and it's her turn to go backstage. Her scene opens with musicians panhandling at an airport. They vary their music to suit the foot traffic: *The Yellow Rose Of Texas* for a burly fellow in a ten-gallon hat, *Pretty Woman* for a flight attendant in a hurry. Then Cady appears on the arm of another actor; they mime an uptight couple studiously avoiding the musicians' entreaties. It's over all too soon — literally a walk-on part. But Cady beams when she returns to her seat. "I've been here a few times, but before tonight I'd never gone out on the town. Now I've been on stage! My mum's gonna die when she hears about this."

"Shooting outside is pretty wild. We were in the hills about an hour's drive out of town and you feel like anybody could drive up at any minute and, well, there you'd be. But I'm very comfortable with my body, so I wouldn't really mind. You do have to be more aware, though. I almost got bitten by a spider."

"These pictures are closest to the real me. I'm really not that rustic at heart — give me frills. Maybe it's because they seem so Playboy. I've always admired how sophisticated the women seem. It's not a shock to be here in the magazine for all the world to see — in fact, it's sort of exciting. I've admired the Playmates for a long time."

MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Cady Cantrell

NAME
Cady Cantrell

BUST
91cm (36″)

WAIST
61cm (24″)

HIPS
91cm (36″)

HEIGHT
170cm (5′7″)

WEIGHT
53kg

DATE OF BIRTH
12/9/72

SIGN
Virgo

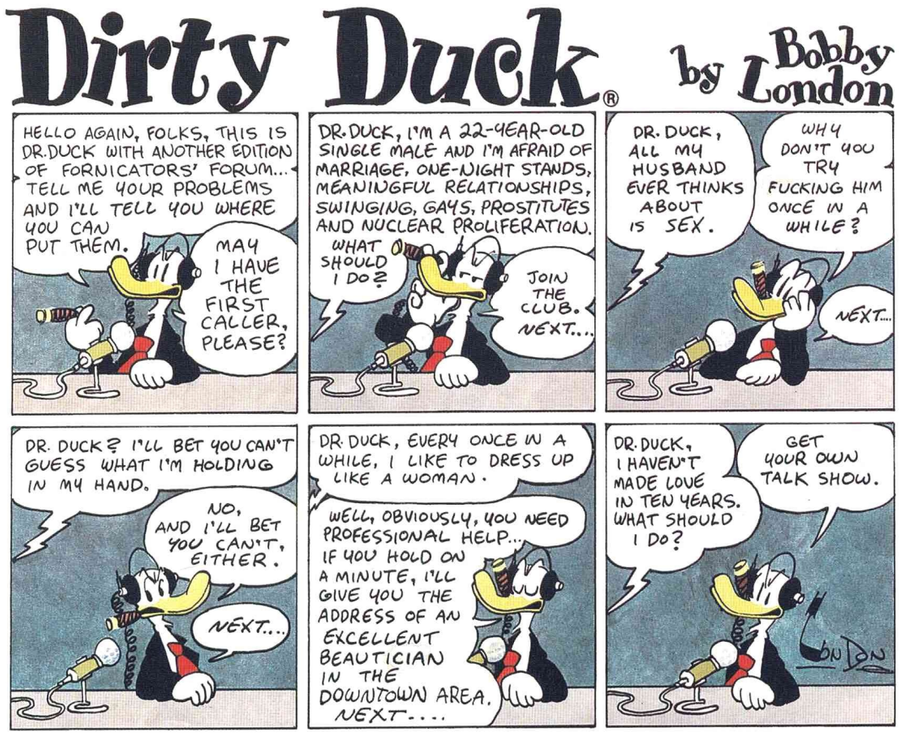
TURN-ONS
Fast cars, simple flowers and romantic music

TURN-OFFS
Animal abuse, dishonest people and Sunday drivers

THE PERFECT MAN
Is a dedicated hard worker, physically fit, honest and not afraid to express his feelings.

AMBITIONS
To be a successful actress and model

PARTY JOKES



In an apparent response to a recent Red Cross plea (and the over-the-top coverage of the Winter Olympics), we spotted this bumper sticker: GIVE BLOOD — PLAY ICE HOCKEY.

The patient sat on the examining table and complained of stomach pains. "Those oysters I ate are not sitting well," he said.

"Were they fresh?" the doctor asked.

"I'm not really sure."

"Well, how did they look when you opened the shells?"

"Opened the shells?"

A friend told us of a co-worker who'd used up all his sick pay, so he called in dead.

After making love, the man excused himself and went into the bathroom. When he returned, the woman sat up in bed and remarked, "I can tell you're a doctor by the way you washed your hands before and after."

"Well, that's right," the fellow said with a self-satisfied grin. "Do you know what kind?"

"I'd say an anaesthesiologist."

"How did you know?" the startled medico asked.

"Because throughout the entire procedure I felt absolutely nothing."

A jogger was running through the park one afternoon when he passed a little green man reading a newspaper. That guy must be a Martian, the jogger thought, and, if I don't talk to him, I'll regret it the rest of my life. So the runner circled back and stopped in front of the green man. "Excuse me, are you a Martian?" he enquired.

"Yes, I am."

"Are all Martians green?"

"Yes, we are."

"And do you all have just the one eye in the middle of your forehead?"

"Yes."

"And the two antennae?"

"Yes."

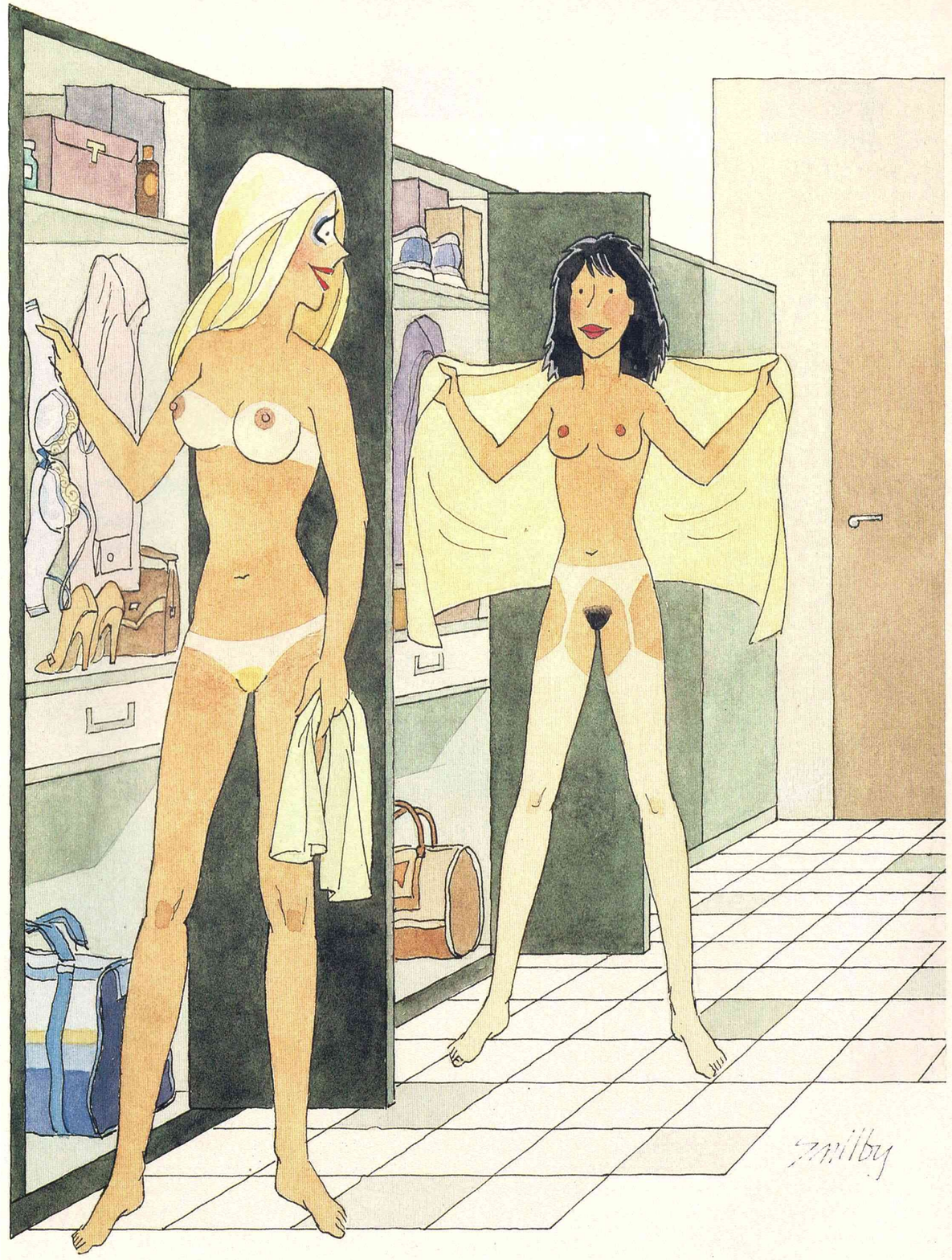
"And do all of you wear that little round hat?"

"No, Earthling. Only the orthodox."

Two lawyers stopped for a drink after work and began to discuss one of their colleagues' interest in the firm's new secretary. "I just don't get it," one said. "She's an airhead. There's nothing going on upstairs."

"That may be true," replied the other, "but I don't think that's the floor he's getting off on."

Heard a good one lately? Send it to the Party Jokes Editor, Australian Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.



"Hey-y-y — where did you spend your vacation?"

ILLUSTRATION BY GUY BILLOUT

DATING in the '90s

High-anxiety going out is out. So why is everyone still so nervous?

The date — with its flammable mixture of male and female, cocktails and desire — has long held a special place in the male imagination. When we picture the ultimate date, we see James Bond in a white dinner jacket. The woman has him in for a martini, tipping her head seductively as she slips on diamond earrings. At the four-star restaurant, there's champagne with dinner, then perhaps some dancing, more Dom Perignon and a run at the baccarat table. A moonlit drive finds them back at her place. She invites him up for a nightcap, her lips wet with wine and desire, the promise of something more lingering in the air . . .

It may sound ideal, but the James Bond date is woefully out of date.

"No one's done that in centuries," says Serena, laughing. The 25-year-old make-up artist adds, "I don't know many people who 'date' date. You just hang out and fuck and lie in bed and get up and go eat, or meet up with friends for a drink, or go for a walk. It's unnatural and weird to get all dressed up to go out on some kind of formal date."

"In real life, everything would go wrong," says Dan, a 29-year-old commercial artist. "You'd get a table by the kitchen door, your Visa card would be declined, you'd mispronounce the wine. It's better to go to a restaurant where you seat yourself."

Dates have always made people nervous, but in ▶

article by DAVID SEELEY

DATING in the '90s

the '90s dating anxiety may have reached new heights. People don't even like to use the word any more. No one has dates these days — they "get together", "run into each other", "meet someplace", "go out with a gang of friends".

" 'Date' is a loaded word," says Dan. "It means your evening is serious, like you expect it to lead to something. It's better to keep things loose — just get together for a movie, or go eat Chinese with a bunch of friends. Low-key stuff. But going out on a date . . ." He widens his eyes in horror.

"I hate dating," says Lael, 23, who works at an ad agency. "I hate the stress involved, having to come up with things to talk about. I just don't like the effort."

"I don't think I've ever been on a date, really," says undergraduate Grant. "At uni, you don't date. It's more like, 'Oh, you're going to a party? Great, I'll go, too.' Then you spend all your time flirting with girls and filling their beer glasses. I almost went on an actual date once, but it hinged on my getting a driver's licence and I didn't pass the test."

What caused this dating phobia? It may be a reaction to the date's "comeback" in 1986, when a confluence of events — a new conservatism, a decline in alcohol and drug use and a threatened epidemic of heterosexual AIDS — sent the world scurrying back to the rigid dating codes of the '50s. Suddenly, every national magazine ran stories with such titles as "The Return of the Date", "The New Monogamy" and "The 'Reputation' Returns", proclaiming the end of the sexual revolution. All the worst dating horrors of bygone times — blind dates, virginity, even meeting your girlfriend's parents — were revisited on a stunned populace.

The date had been semi-retired since the '60s, when love-ins and LSD blew away all memory of the uptight '50s. The '70s offered even fewer dating rules — people just dropped mandrax and went to discos, going home with whoever brightened their mood rings. They spent the first half of the '80s doing coke and screwing in nightclub toilets — and then the "date" returned. For a while, people actually tried it. They went on blind dates. They joined herpes-free dating clubs. They discussed people's "reputations". But since they already drank less, drugged less and screwed less, there was little social novocaine to numb them to the terrors of formal dating.

So the "date" didn't take. The new conservatism ended, the straight AIDS epidemic never arrived and the sexes were left to muddle their way toward a new set of rules. The good news: sex is in again. But so is anxiety about everything from the economy to the new world order to splitting the dinner bill. Here, then, are the new rules of engagement, compiled through interviews with men and women across the country, people who are sure of only one thing: they want to meet, merge and mate without actually having to date — because dating in the '90s is simply much too tense.

•

Rule 1: Keep it low-key. Nobody wants to call a date a "date" and they don't want it to seem like one, either. So take the old formality — calling way in advance, the flowers, the box of chocolates, the candle-lit table in the swank French bistro — and chuck it out the window. Your first date should be casual, unromantic. Lunch on Tuesday makes an excellent choice. You're dressed for work, pressed for time, and almost nothing can go wrong. Or try the great outdoors — the lake, a ball game. Anything is better than an intimate dinner for two.

"I want a guy to know who I am," says Jill, a 25-year-old production assistant. "When I'm having a pizza, I'm more apt to say revealing things, like that I love basketball, than when I'm sitting down in some really nice restaurant in a dress. It would make me very tense if a guy took me to some romantic dinner on a first date. On a formal date, you're under pressure to perform, you have all these expectations, like it has to lead to something."

As one 36-year-old woman put it: "If you agreed to go on a date in the '70s, you pretty much agreed to have sex too!"

"If you start thinking of it in terms of 'We're going on a date,' it puts a lot of pressure on you," agrees Steve, 22, in his final year at university, "whether it's trying to impress someone or to show them who you really are, for fear you won't get another chance. So you try to take the pressure off it by making it less formal."

"I think people take a more intelligent approach to dating these days," says Lissa, a 27-year-old publicist. "They customise dates to fit their own needs, not to fit it into some traditional step one, step two, step three."

Grant probably has the lowest key approach to dating. "You get drunk, screw each other brainless, then you get up and, if you still like each other, you go do stuff."

•

Rule 2: Get introduced. Women today are leery of men who don't come with some kind of pedigree, whether it's a friend's introduction or a connection through work. An introduction provides a wedge against anxiety, a sense of security that's partly about AIDS, but also a way to avert that most dreaded catastrophe: the date from hell. If this undercuts a date's adventure, so be it. Women in the '90s just don't like surprises.

"There almost always has to be some kind of introduction," confirms Michael, a 27-year-old investment banker who met his current girlfriend through their health club swim team.

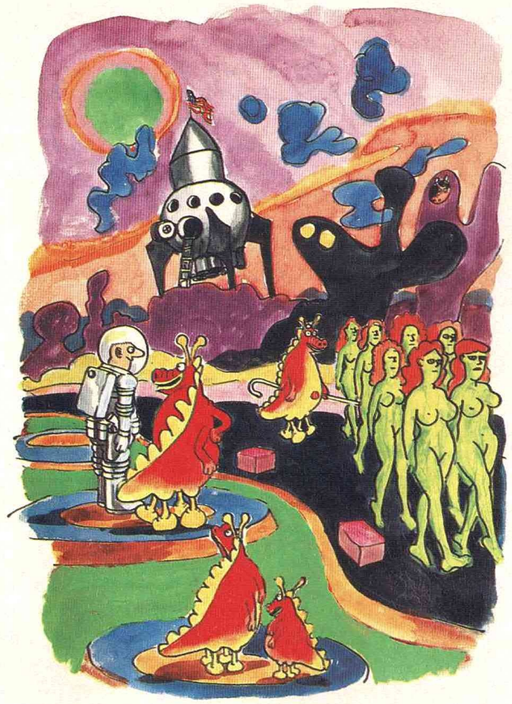
"I'm not into the pick-up scene in bars," says Jill. "I do see it happen — it probably happens more now than it did five years ago. But I like to meet people through friends, through work, things like that."

If you want to meet that luscious, unknown vixen across a crowded club, any connection can improve your "perfect stranger" status — some dim association you may have with a friend of a friend of a friend of hers or even an approving word from the waitress.

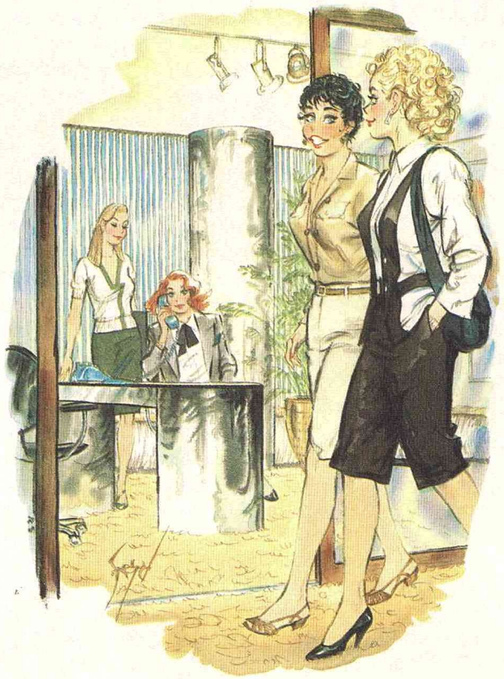
•

Rule 3: Saturdays are serious. If your Tuesday lunch went smoothly, it's time for a second date. How about Friday night, you say? What do you think this is — 1950? Friday is potent date night juju. You have to build up to that slowly. The days of the week reflect a hierarchy of dating seriousness; if you go straight to Saturday, for instance, you might as well go ahead and marry her. For now, play it safe. Let your first night be a weeknight.

"On a weeknight," says Lael, "you're less likely to have that tension of do I go home by myself or with him, or does he come home with me? Because you have ▶

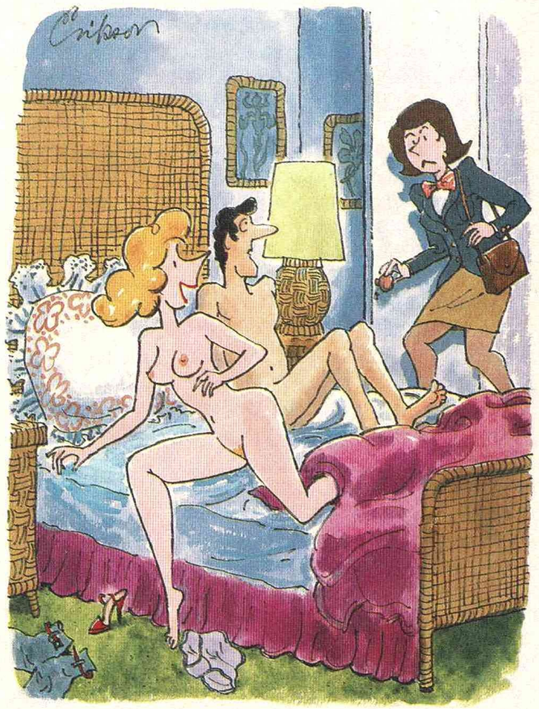


"No, really? . . . We've been using them in soup and salad."



"I'll say she thinks like a man — she's sleeping with her secretary."

"Don't get me wrong, I'm pleased she's pleased . . . but what the hell's a toilet seat?"



"Well, I'll leave you two alone. You probably have lots to talk about."

DATING in the '90s

to work the next day. So you can relax."

"A weekday date is a little more casual, but at the same time it can be more intimate because there aren't as many distractions," says Steve. "If you really want to get to know a person, a weeknight might be better."

•

Rule 4: There's safety in numbers. First dates used to mean a table for two; only when couples were well established did they meet each other's friends. But people today are so nervous about dating, so uncomfortable and worried things will go wrong, they prefer to drown out the classic getting-to-know-you date in the noisy hubbub of a table for 10. A double date won't do — it's simply too date-like. Sometimes, for the first several dates, couples never meet alone. They call each other and say, "Some people are getting together . . ." and the group date begins.

"You know those little lulls on a date, when for a minute or 30 seconds or even 10 seconds there's nothing to talk about and there's just this silence?" says Jill. "I can't stand that. It's kind of nice to have other people around to fill in the blanks. And you can get to know a guy better if you see what he's like around his friends."

•

Rule 5: Don't expect sex on the first date. Sex is the whispered possibility, the tantalising *raison d'etre* behind every date. Back in the '70s, it was almost automatic. As one 36-year-old woman put it, "If you agreed to go on a date back then, you pretty much agreed to have sex, too. There was no reason not to — everyone was on the pill, the moral climate was liberal, there were no AIDS or VD scares. My first husband told me that if we hadn't had sex on our first date, he probably wouldn't have asked me out again. Having sex was a sign you liked a guy and wanted to date him. It was just expected of you."

Woman today are more conservative sexually — even if that just means delaying sex till the second or third date.

"Men both want to sleep with you and hope you'll make them wait," says Karen, a 30-year-old copywriter. "I think they don't appreciate things they get too easily. So I prefer the 'bake' method of dating. You know how things come out better in the oven than in the microwave. I think a relationship isn't as good if you rush sex too fast. With the bake method, you preheat it for two dates, and by the third date . . . you're ready for him to enter your oven."

But what's changed by then, what's the difference between sex on the third date or the first?

"Well, by the third date, he's spent three hundred dollars on you," Karen joked. "Really, it's like dangling the carrot on the stick, or some other phallic thing. Hopefully you'll be closer, you'll know each other better. There may even be some filtering-out. By the second date, you may decide you don't like him."

•

Rule 6: Sometimes girls just want to have fun. If you think all women just say no, holding out for sex until they're in a long-term relationship aimed at marriage and babies, you're taking rule three too far. Having to wait a few dates for actual penetration doesn't make this a new Victorian age. Besides, rules are made to be broken. If the moment is right, sparks are flying and the gods are with you, women can be just as eager for no-strings, first-date sex as the next guy.

"I don't have to see a man for two weeks to know if I want him," says Serena. "I know that immediately. I guess you could draw the intrigue out if he's fabulous, but being really attracted to someone is so rare, I'm too selfish to wait."

"I don't think casual sex ended in the '80s, not at all," says Lael. "The whole thing about the AIDS scare slowing people down, I don't think that's the case. I have a friend who dates five or six guys at a time and has sex with all of them, and it doesn't faze her at all."

According to Grant, casual sex is so common on university campuses that students actually have sex accidentally. "It's what happens when you start goggling and your friends don't stop you," he says, referring to the drunken overappreciation of a woman's charms through 2am "beer goggles".

Men are mistaken, Lael says, if they assume women are always serious about sex. "I have another friend who's a model. She's absolutely gorgeous and as sweet as can be. She was doing this nude shoot with a photographer — one thing led to another and they ended up screwing. Then he told her, 'Now, I don't want you falling in love with me . . .' and she was appalled. She just wanted to have sex and she probably would have done it with him again. But now she'll never touch him again because he was such a dork."

Rule 7: Don't plan ahead. Another classic dating rule reversed. In the past, if you wanted a Saturday night date, you had to ask a woman by Wednesday at the latest — and that was pushing it. Calling her up Saturday was practically a mortal sin. But in the low-key '90s, last-minute dates aren't only acceptable, they're preferable. People don't want to obsess about dates any longer than they have to. It's as if there's something frightening, too permanent and formal, about lingering for a week in someone's Filofax.

"There's nothing more boring than a man who sets a date for next week," says Lissa. "I mean, it's fun if you have to wait and think about it for two or three days, but any longer than that and the guy's just anal. There's a lot to be said for spontaneity."

•

Rule 8: Plan an escape. People used to look forward to dates, fantasising about romance, sex, excitement. Today, they look down the bleak perspective of the date ahead and see only disaster. To avert that, men and women plan "escape hatches" where dates can be abandoned as if they were flaming blimps. The trick is making your exit plausible.

"I generally have a safety valve by planning things on a weeknight or for Sunday brunch," says Michael. "If it's brunch, I can say, 'Well, I've gotta drop off the laundry.' On weeknights, by the time you have dinner, it's nine-thirty or ten and you can say, 'I've got a big day tomorrow. I gotta go.' "

If the moment is right, women can be just as eager for no-strings, first-date sex as the next guy.

"A movie is good because it's two solid hours where you don't have to talk," says Dan. "And if you're really horrified by the time you get to the cinema, you can switch your plans and see some four-hour Russian film."

The danger with escape hatches, Dan says, may be bailing out too soon. "You might escape someone who really would turn out to be good.

Rule 9: Women must pay. Back when people went on formal, James Bond dates, women never went near their wallets. Try to picture 007 splitting a Dom Perignon tab or going halvsies at baccarat. Paying for dates was part of the man's job description.

But that's not the '90s way. Women are proud of their hard-earned equality and they're proving it when the dinner bill comes. True, some women still expect men to pay for everything, just as some men feel threatened by a woman who pays her own way. But they're behind the times. The only reason for someone to pay more on a date is if he or she earns a much higher salary.

Under the still-evolving rules, men usually pay for the first date, when there's enough to worry about without splitting bills. But by the second or third date, it's strictly Dutch or taking turns. Women may look like the losers in this deal, but many see it differently.

But beyond economics and equality, some women have a nagging belief that going Dutch — like many of these new dating rules — takes the romance out of dating.

"Fumbling with the bill is always a bit of a downer," says Caroline. "You have this great conversation, have fun drinking wine or whatever, and then the bill comes. Figuring out the bill is a very banal thing to do anyway, even with your friends, so it does take a little romance out of it."

•

Rule 10: Use her answering machine. The trend in dating is away from head-on contact and toward glancing blows of intimacy and connection. So what better way to talk to each other than through answering machines? Men who fear rejection, women who want to ask a serious question, anyone who's nervous about anything leaves their words on incoming message tape — and hangs up if their date actually answers. By calling a woman's answering machine, you can ask her out, make the obligatory "next day" call and tell her you're going away for the weekend, all without making any scary human contact.

"It's creative phoning," says Dan. "You can make it look as if you really tried to reach her by leaving messages on her voice mail at work, or calling her office at lunchtime."

People in the '90s can have entire relationships — meet, seduce, argue and call it quits — by leaving messages on machines. You never even have to meet each other, which is as low-key as dating gets.

•

Rule 11: Don't fax her off. Sometimes a man and a woman are just Stealth planes passing in the night. If so, don't let all this high-tech distancing keep you from ending things the right way. For example, if you're going to break up with a woman, you should not do it over her fax machine.

"He should just call and say things aren't working out," says Jill. "It just wastes time to beat around the bush and say, 'I've got a sick grandma and I've got to hold her hand.' I'd much rather be hurt by the truth than by some guy who can't figure out what to do."

If you end a relationship gracefully, you can hasten the inevitable next step: starting the whole thing over again with someone else, on a Tuesday afternoon.

With the year 2000 looming just ahead, no one can predict how long these new rules of engagement will last. For now, though, people seem to be comfortable with sex but nervous about nearly everything else. It may reflect the emotional vacuity of our times, a free-floating anxiety about the future or simply a fear of connecting. If we're so willing to abdicate control of our relationships, if we're so skittish about intimacy we plan escape hatches before a date begins, what does that say about our willingness to make a commitment when it counts?

Then again, we may just be hanging ten on the dating *Zeitgeist*, riding the tide, going with the flow. Who knows? This decade may even see the return of the James Bond date. By 1995, you may be wearing white dinner jackets, winning at baccarat and snipping the spaghetti straps off Plenty O'Toole. Hey — worse things could happen.

DATES FROM HELL

WHAT WOMEN WANT

"I know what I don't like," said Joan, who went to Florence in her junior year and found dating abroad a bit humiliating. "With tacky shorts and gym shoes, I looked as Australian as can be, so of course some Italian guy asks me to dinner. We sit down and he says, 'I have a surprise for you.' They bring this big pizza in a heart shape and all the waiters sing Waltzing Matilda. I think I ran away, but I blocked it out."

✠

"No Frenchmen," said Kristen, a senior. "My girlfriend set me up with this French art director from Yves Saint Laurent. We went to a fancy restaurant and we're speaking in French and he says, 'What do you like to do in bed?' I said, 'I'm not telling you,' and he said, 'What are you, a typical Aussie? I bet I know what type of underwear you're wearing.' He guessed right, too — black lace. He thought he was Mr Sophisticated and I was just not impressed. At least guys in college are goofy and you can relate."

✠

"It's more coupling now than dating," said Chris, a fifth-year senior. "Most kids come from single-parent families now, so they look toward instant intimacy. There's a lot of people looking for father and mother figures in their relationships."

WHAT MEN WANT

"Danger, the thought of injury doing something you're not supposed to do," said Dan, a junior. "I want a date that goes 200km/h. Like, I took a girl to a Dread Zeppelin concert and stage-dived with her. No one is reckless any more, which is the cool thing about being young. No one does drugs, everyone wears condoms and seat belts."

✠

"Sex in your room-mate's car when it's parked behind your house," said Sebastian, a senior. "It's a good date and you can tease your room-mate the next day."

✠

"Nothing at all," said Peter, a senior majoring in economics. "It just has to happen." And for Peter it does happen. "I was in a bar after a job interview and somehow I'd lost my wallet and keys. I went up to this girl. I told her I have no keys, no money, no car. Could you buy me a beer? Later I said, If you don't take me home tonight, you'll be aggravating one of our greatest social problems — the homeless. She took me home."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIKE LARDER

RODEO-ACTIVE

there's saddlebroncs and bareback bull riding, and cowgirls calf roping — and when all else fails, they send in the clowns.

An angry bull tosses his head; his eyes dart quickly from left to right as he searches for the rider he has just thrown to the ground. Vengeance is on his mind. But a tiny, colourful figure flashes in front of him and rests a hand on his huge nose. While the bull is distracted, a cowboy scrambles to safety.

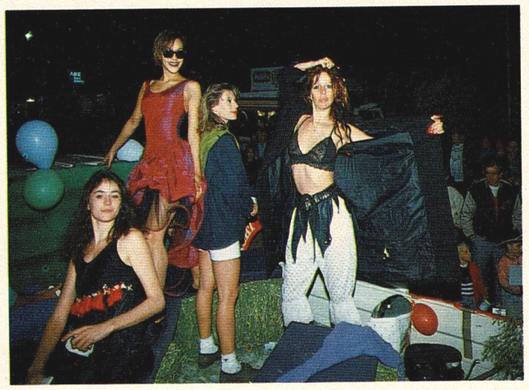
The fleet-footed figure fluttering blood-red scarves from his belt is no madman, but he flirts with death up to 120 times a day. He's Australia's top rodeo clown and he fights bulls for a living.

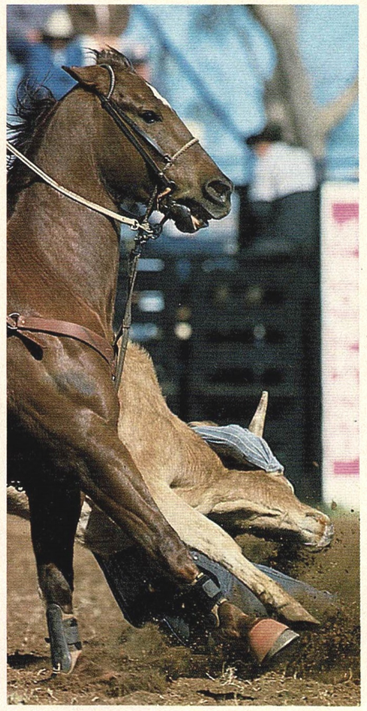
Clint Dolan, or "Womble" as he has been known since his school days, is only 22 but has already achieved one of his ambitions — to be the best bullfighting rodeo clown in Australia.

But to achieve his second — to make a decent living from the sport he has made his profession — Dolan will have to travel to the United States. He plans to do that this year. The stakes just aren't high enough in Australia.

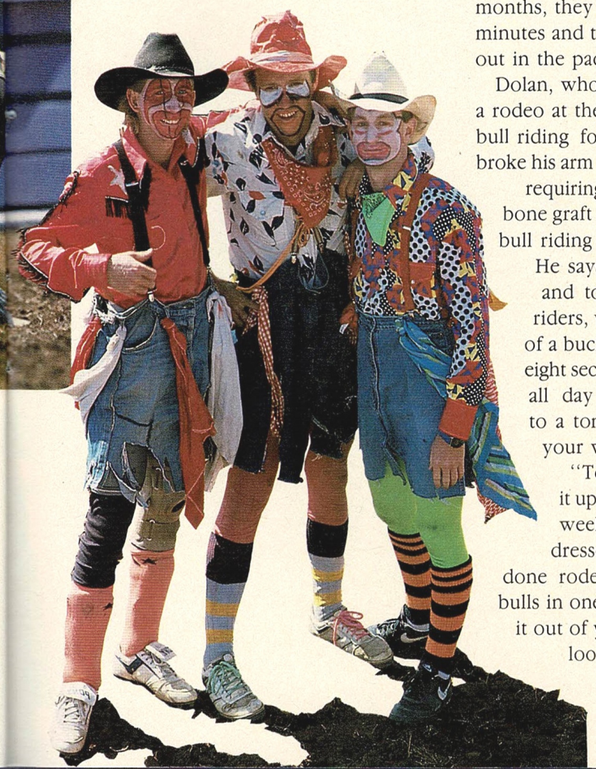
In the rodeo ring, Dolan dresses in comical clothes and paints his face like any circus clown, but his job is deadly serious. "You can't laugh in my job, it's just ▶

adventure by **KATE McILWAINE**





"Bulls are like human beings: each has his own personality. Some days they can be a bit cranky, other days they're real good. I really get on well with bulls, I love them. If I ever come back in another life, that's what I want to come back as, a bucking bull." — "Womble" Dolan, rodeo clown.



RODEO-ACTIVE

too tough," he says.

"My job is to protect the cowboys. If there's a guy down on the ground, getting a hooking, I've got to go in and put my life on the line for him, to get him out."

Dolan draws an analogy with a sport far removed from the dry, dusty rodeo arena. "I'm like a surf lifesaver, except I don't have to swim."

He admits it is frightening work. "There's always fear there, you've just got to learn to change that fear into adrenalin. The moment you're not scared, you shouldn't be out there."

In rodeo parlance there are comedy clowns and bullfighting clowns. While the bullfighter darts in to attract a rampaging bull's attention, the comedy clowns are there as back-ups and to keep the crowd amused if there is a lull in the rodeo events.

The bullfighter's routine might look like a game, but it's not. It is a battle of wits between man and beast. "You've got to be able to communicate with the bulls, to think how they think," says Dolan.

"Bulls are like human beings: each has his own personality. Some days they can be a bit cranky, other days they're real good. I really get on well with bulls, I love them. If I ever come back in another life, that's what I want to come back as, a bucking bull.

"They get treated so well: if you work it out at eight seconds a ride over 12 months, they probably only work eight minutes and the rest of the time they're out in the paddocks having a feed."

Dolan, who first rode a poddy calf in a rodeo at the age of five, competed in bull riding for two years. But after he broke his arm twice within three months, requiring a plate, eight screws and a bone graft to keep it together, he quit bull riding for clowning.

He says clowns have to be fitter and tougher than the bareback riders, who must stay on the back of a bucking horse or bull for only eight seconds. The clown can spend all day dancing in front of up to a tonne of beef. "It's hard on your whole body," Dolan says.

"To do a good job and keep it up, you've got to clown every weekend. Sometimes you're dressed for 12 hours a day. I've done rodeos where I've done 120 bulls in one night. That really knocks it out of you. You've got to try and look after your body a bit."

Like all professional rodeo competitors, Dolan finds it hard to make a buck. He competes in calf-roping and team-roping events to supplement his income from clowning. Last year he only made about $10,000, and spent most of it travelling to rodeos from Melbourne and Mareeba. Australia's handful of top rodeo stars can make about $40,000 a year, providing they survive the year without injuries.

The annual Mount Isa Rodeo, at the isolated mining city 1570km north-west of Brisbane, near the Northern Territory border, is Australia's richest, offering more than $100,000 in prize money. Consequently it's the biggest, with more than 600 cowboys and cowgirls competing.

While the girls do not compete in the saddlebronc riding or bareback bull and horse riding, their barrel-racing, calf-roping and breakaway-roping events are as keenly contested. Victoria's champion all-round cowgirl, Jodie Bailey, 20, from Wangaratta, trucked her horses almost 3500km to Mount Isa in her bid to win sufficient prize money to put her in the running for the title of top Australian all-round cowgirl.

The petite blonde who rides a stallion called Yogi wanted the all-rounder title this year. "I'm sitting $200 behind the leader at the moment," she said before donning her hat, leather boots and fringed shirt — the rodeo uniform — to compete at Mount Isa.

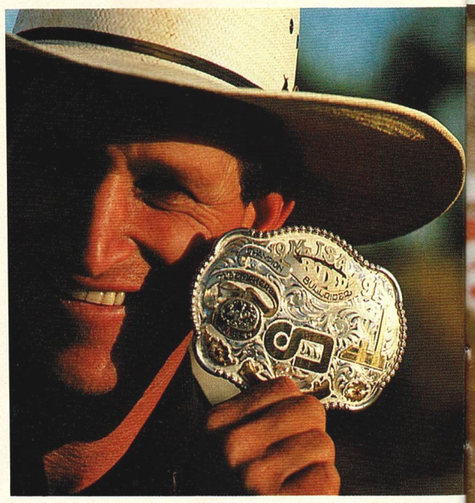
But Jodie went home disappointed and broke. She failed to place in her two events.

That leaves the Mount Isa all-round cowgirl winner, Vicki Schiller, 31, still firmly in the lead for the national title. Vicki and her sister Tania, 26, compete against each other in the barrel racing, and Vicki also contests the breakaway roping. The women must compete in two events to be eligible for the all-round cowgirl title.

At Mount Isa, Tania, a former Miss Rodeo Australia, won the barrel racing, an event in which the girls round three barrels in a cloverleaf pattern, riding as fast as their horses can go. Vicki took third place.

The sisters travel for as much as eight months of the year, rodeoing every weekend. "You don't make a lot of money, just enough to keep going," Tania says.

The Schiller sisters are not unusual on the rodeo circuit. "We're all like one big family," declares Jodie Bailey. In the team calf-roping event, a north Queensland duo, 11-year-old Zoe Wharton and her ▶



Whether it's steer wrestling or roping, bareback bronc riding or bull riding, competing in rodeos is not for the faint-hearted. While the cowboys speak lightly of their injuries, the visible scars and limps tell another story of broken bones and knee operations.

RODEO- ACTIVE

mother Netta, compete together.

For those who leave their families at home, it's a lonely life. The line-up of empty XXXX stubbies, the traditional Queensland brew, in the phone box every morning at the Mount Isa rodeo ground attests to the hours that lovesick cowboys spend calling their wives and girlfriends.

"It's not much of a life for a wife and kids," says the rodeo circuit's best known Christian cowboy, Tim Kelly, 31, from Tenterfield, New South Wales.

Kelly, who rides in the saddlebronc and bull rides, became a staunch Christian in 1982. Since then he has also become a husband and a father, so he spends very little time on the road. But he still gets to several rodeos a year, where he organises church services for his fellow cowboys.

One of rodeo's best known families is the McPhees — Gary and his brother, Robert, from Victoria.

Gary McPhee, who competes in steer wrestling and roping, and the 1988 Australian bareback and bull-ride champion Steve Hilton, from Warwick, Queensland, were inseparable when scores were added for the Mount Isa all-round cowboy award. They shared the money and threw a coin for the other prize, a silver belt buckle, designed and handcrafted by fellow competitor Bob Berg. Hilton won the toss and the pair shook hands amicably. There are no hard feelings on the rodeo circuit.

"It's one of the only sports where you help those you're going to compete against," says Mount Isa bareback bronc-riding champion Darren Brandenburg, 24, who has been on the professional circuit for seven years. When his mates settled him on to the bronco that bucked Brandenburg into first place, they helped him fulfil a 28-year-old family tradition. His father, Barry, won the same event at Mount Isa in 1963.

Rodeo riding is fraught with danger, but cowboys speak lightly of their injuries. "I had a bit of internal bleeding once, but it was nothing much," said Brandenburg. In fact, he had collapsed at a railway station and been taken to hospital where he spent a week.

Others say they've had no serious injuries. But visible scars tell another story. Knee operations are common; broken bones an accepted part of the price a cowboy pays to compete.

Why do they do it? Says Brandenburg: "It beats the heck out of having a job during the week!"

PHOTOGRAPH BY GWENDOLEN CATES

20 QUESTIONS

FOREST WHITAKER

Hollywood's biggest black star recalls the taste of Robin Givens and wonders why a crazed fan keeps switching his dogs.

*The biggest young actor in America — at 187cm (six feet two inches) and 118kg he dwarfs **Penn**, **Dillon** and **Depp** — Forest Whitaker is also one of the least likely stars in American film. He's overweight. He's shy. And he's black, a condition that has cost him a few plum roles in Hollywood. Whitaker won the Best Actor award at the 1988 Cannes Film Festival for his performance as doomed jazzman **Charlie Parker** in **Clint Eastwood**'s Bird. Since then he has appeared in **Martin Scorsese**'s The Color Of Money, **Oliver Stone**'s Platoon and **Barry Levinson**'s Good Morning Vietnam, and headlined with **Gregory Hines** and **Robin Givens** in **Bill Duke**'s A Rage In Harlem, which Whitaker co-produced. He now stars with **Ray Liotta** and **Kiefer Sutherland** in Article 99. He is suddenly, at 30, a power to be reckoned with.*

*Whitaker was raised in the tough streets of Compton, California. He might have become a Crip or a Blood gang member, but he wasn't a joiner. Fortunately for him, he was big enough to fend for himself — to follow his heart from the local gridiron's defensive line to **Dylan Thomas** and **Shakespeare**.*

*Contributor **Kevin Cook** met Whitaker at the Columbia Bar & Grille on Sunset Boulevard. "The first thing you notice about Forest is the size of his hands," says Cook. "We shook hands and my hand disappeared. The next thing that struck me was his smile. He has the sweetest smile, the smile of a man who wouldn't hurt a fly. We spent two hours talking and 100 minutes of that time was as smooth as could be. It was only when the subject of racism — of life with the LAPD — came up that he sat up straight, fists clenched, and I noted again how big a man he is."*

1.

PLAYBOY: What was it like to be all the rage in Cannes?

WHITAKER: The first time, for *Bird*, was amazing. Impossible to imagine if you haven't been there — flashing light bulbs everywhere, people screaming Clint's name. When I won, I was overwhelmed.

Last year I went to promote *A Rage In Harlem* with friends — Bill Duke, Gregory Hines and Robin Givens — and it was fun watching them see it for the first time. **Spike Lee** had a party for *Jungle Fever*, a great film. **Stevie Wonder** was there to do the sound, and that alone made it the best party I've been to.

I escaped a lot, too. I went to a little restaurant up in the hills and ate with the natives. My French is pretty poor, but I talked to them. The owner recognised me. He said I was the first American actor who'd been there. He wanted me to sign the book at the door. I look in the book and all these French artists had drawn pictures and written poetry in it. I was embarrassed. I thought, I should show them I'm an artist, too, but I just wrote something nice about the restaurant. In English.

2.

PLAYBOY: Defend or refute the charge that Spike Lee is a racist.

WHITAKER: He understands that we live in a racist society. He puts things in his films that happen. The interracial love affair in *Jungle Fever*, and of course the violence in *Do The Right Thing*.

When I was a kid, growing up in South Central LA, I'd be walking through the fields around my house. A police helicopter turns its searchlights on me. I hear the loudspeaker: "Don't move, stop where you are!" It's ridiculous. The harassment never stops. I'm an actor, but I'm also a large black man in LA. Last year I'm sitting in my car on Hollywood Boulevard, sitting in a red zone, a no-parking zone. Next thing I know there's cops all around, I'm on my knees in the street with my hands behind my head. The LA police are not subtle. This is an inherently racial act, but it happens all the time. Ever since I was a youth I've been thrown on the ground or across cars, put on my knees, and I'm one of the lucky ones. I'm alive. Friends of mine have been murdered.

3.

PLAYBOY: By the Los Angeles police?

WHITAKER: Yes. They want to be the sharks in the water, inspiring fear in the people. It won't work. The people are frustrated. The people are angry. They want to feel they have at least a little power, but the police impose fear. I've seen it in action. I have friends in the police department. I've ridden with them. I like them, but I've seen them get stoked when it's time to fight. It's scary. There are a million cars in the chase and they're pulling on their gloves, getting ready for the fight.

I had a friend who lived down the street. They shot him 11 times. Killed him. The harassment's got to stop, that's all.

4.

PLAYBOY: You escaped South Central LA by being a high school football star, not ▶

FOREST WHITAKER

too different from the giant you played in *Fast Times At Ridgemont High*. What happened to football?

WHITAKER: I played tackle for Palisades High. **Jay Schroeder** [*now a pro with the Los Angeles Raiders*] was our quarterback. We were undefeated, never won a game by fewer than 32 points, and I was our leader on defence. I got recruited by UCLA, Hawaii, Utah State and Arizona — but there was a problem. I didn't live in the school zone. I should have been at Compton High, but my mother wanted me to go to a good school. So before we played Granada Hills in the play-offs — their quarterback was **John Elway** [*another pro with the Denver Broncos*] — somebody reported me, which meant we might have to forfeit all our games. The coach calls me in and says, "We'll say you can't play, you've got the flu." Now I'm tripping out. Coaches from all over are there, and I have to say I have the flu. We lose. Hawaii, even though it came to my high school illegally almost every week to see me, says, "We don't know about you now." So I said, "Screw it," took a football scholarship at Pomona College and studied music. Tried out for a part in *Under Milk Wood*, got the lead. Then I auditioned for the acting program at USC, but it was my voice that got me a scholarship — in classical music. I never played football again.

5.

PLAYBOY: What was the movie that made you think you'd like to make a living at acting?

WHITAKER: *Taxi Driver*. I remember the line, "You talkin' to me?" A lot of people in the neighbourhood went around saying, "You talkin' to me?" That character **De Niro** played — he was base, but there was something cool about him.

6.

PLAYBOY: You're now thought of as one of the best actors in movies. Who would you shell out $11 to see?

WHITAKER: **Al Pacino**, **Mickey Rourke**, Sean Penn, **Denzel Washington**. But I think more in terms of different kinds of truth in different performances: **John Hurt** in *Midnight Express*, De Niro in *Raging Bull*, Pacino in *Scarface*, **Depardieu** in *Cyrano De Bergerac*.

7.

PLAYBOY: What's the truest screen moment you've shared with another actor?

WHITAKER: It got cut, but I'll never forget it. It was with Mickey. The film was *Johnny Handsome*. He was deformed, I was the plastic surgeon who made him Johnny Handsome — gave him a chance to escape his past. But he's scared to go out into the world. He's normal now, but he's not, not on the inside. That's what recidivism is all about. So I'm saying goodbye to him, and his line is "Thanks." Mickey looks into my eyes and I swear to you, I don't know how he did this, I swear I heard four or five different lines: "You worked really hard. It's cool. Maybe I should lie to you, tell you this is good. I'm sorry I have to disappoint you." But all he really said was, "Thanks." I walked away thinking, how in the hell did he do that?

8.

PLAYBOY: You played a more famous scene in *A Rage In Harlem*, in which you licked Robin Givens from top to bottom. Was that all Robin, or did she have a bottom double?

WHITAKER: [*Laughing*] Look at the shot. It's a very full shot, from her head to her feet, one shot. You can see there was no body double. That was a hot part for me.

9.

PLAYBOY: Did you have to fight being aroused in that scene?

WHITAKER: No. If I don't allow her to set fire to me when she touches me, to turn me on, the scene won't work. You have to be true to the scene, and that was a lovemaking scene. I can't speak for Robin, but I did not fight being aroused.

10.

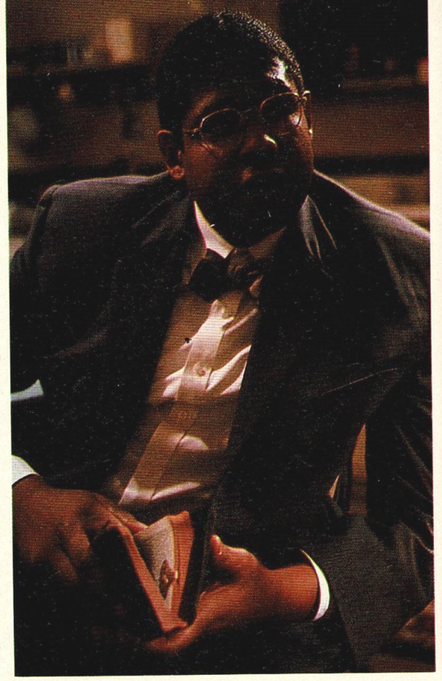
PLAYBOY: You were playing a virgin whose first sex partner was played by Robin Givens. How lucky did he feel?

WHITAKER: Overwhelmed. It's all new to him. He's never had a woman, never had a woman in his room, even. And she's so beautiful — her face, her eyes, her lips, her voice. To him, just the notion of her sitting on his bed is almost as exciting as making love. For me, trying to re-create that feeling, fresh as the first time, was exciting.

11.

PLAYBOY: You've worked with directors of wildly different styles, from Martin Scorsese and Oliver Stone to Barry Levinson and Clint Eastwood. What are their secrets?

WHITAKER: They're all passionate. I was just a day player for Martin on *The Color Of Money*, a pool hustler. He changed one



A Rage In Harlem: Hot from top to bottom!

line. "Say it like a question," he said. I did it and it worked. Barry was a stand-up comic, so he's a great storyteller. I could listen to him all day. He and Robin are both great comics. And Oliver — he's obsessive. On *Platoon* I had to carry ammunition 50 yards up this hill and in the first take I slipped. I'm sliding down this hill, clawing my way back up. Finally, "Cut!" I'm burying my head, I blew the scene. So Oliver's yelling, "Let's do it again!" And just as he's walking away he says, "Forest, I love the fall. Keep it in." I do that fall 15 more times, and he thinks I'm cheating him. It's not good enough. "Give me my fall!" he says. The ground is slick, I can't help falling, but every time it's "Give me my fall!" Oliver doesn't miss anything.

With Clint, there's no Dirty Harry. Clint's easy. He never loses his temper. Everything is smooth. He understands actors, too. He gave me a lot of freedom in creating my character in *Bird*. He didn't tell me how to play Charlie Parker. One thing I loved about Clint was his commitment to the music — the energy in him, the need to make it right. He brought in a lot of great musicians to remix those old tunes, but he tried so hard to be true to Bird's music.

12.

PLAYBOY: How did you learn to be Bird?

WHITAKER: I put pictures of him in the room where I was staying. I listened to his music, got to a place where I felt how it felt to be him, to be a heroin addict, a man who tried to kill himself. Waking up

feeling lost, wanting to die. It's like living in tar. I'm not saying I felt everything he did, but at least in my imagination I knew him. I tried to hear the music in Bird because that's where the heart is.

13.

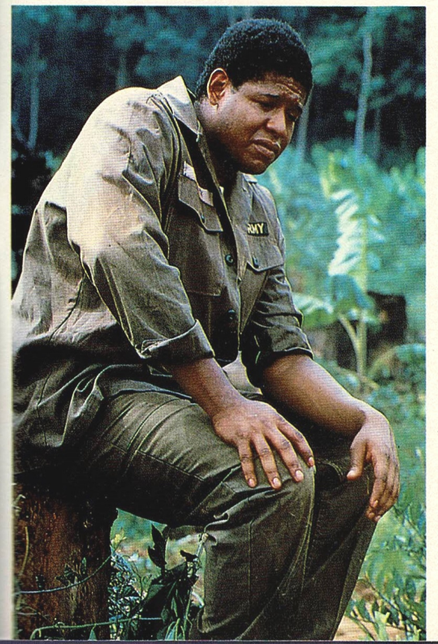
PLAYBOY: What's the best movie role you didn't get?

WHITAKER: Hannibal Lecter in *The Silence Of The Lambs*. **Jonathan Demme** wouldn't see me.

Anthony Hopkins did a great job in the part. But mine would have been more sexual. There's a sexuality in that kind of evil, something pure, a beauty in the ugliness. Exploring that, forcing it on the actress [***Jodie Foster***], would have been interesting.

I read about the man that character was based on. I tried to figure out what he was thinking, how he felt when he killed, and I think he saw a pure light in the dark. His insanity — his overt lust at things that are raw — I think it was sexual, and that would have been the timbre of my heart. You know how you cut yourself and suck the blood to make it stop? The notion of living in that pain, that warmth, even of ripping open a body and bathing in it — there's something that can almost be understood in that, something primal that connects with something in yourself. It's an interesting thing to try to feel, the beauty in the purely grotesque. He wanted to quench a thirst, a lust. The sexuality of the young woman's innocence — I would have been trying to suck that from her, to satisfy my hunger, and my hunger would have been sexual.

A bad morning in Good Morning Vietnam



14.

PLAYBOY: Like many American actors, you research a role until you almost become the part. As **Laurence Olivier** supposedly asked **Dustin Hoffman** on the set of *Marathon Man*, "Why don't you try acting?"

WHITAKER: [*Bristling*] You're referring to the scene where Dustin didn't sleep because his character hadn't slept. External acting — which is classically considered the British way — creates a character physically and then finds the insides. American actors tend to go from the inside out. I personally am not a good enough actor to play exhaustion without feeling it. And maybe, maybe Olivier could just stroll on and seem perfectly tired. Maybe not. Maybe Olivier was wrong. But the truth is the truth, it doesn't matter how you get there.

15.

PLAYBOY: You paint tortured canvases that have to do with the roles you play. Will we see a Whitaker beside a Francis Bacon in the Museum of Modern Art?

WHITAKER: I'm no great painter. An art critic would probably call my paintings primitive, aggressive, off-kilter realism. But I don't sell my paintings, and I don't paint for anyone but myself. They're part of my work.

There's a painting I did when I was working on *Johnny Handsome*. Johnny's falling and I'm reaching down, in flames, trying to pull him out. I identified with Johnny. He was deformed and white, but he could have been a black man. He could have been me, a minor public figure who wants to be a hermit, trying to deal with my inadequacies, falling backward all the time.

16.

PLAYBOY: You play a hired killer in your new film, *Hit Man*. Can you identify with a killer?

WHITAKER: Sure. The guy in the film is a lot like everyone else, a guy with a job who's having a sort of midlife crisis. He has to fight the sensitive side of himself, the "good" side, or he can't do his job. Feelings he doesn't want to have — good feelings, most of us would think — start coming up in him, and he fights them. These are the things he hates in himself. One of the journeys for me, in playing him, was trying to see the things I repress in myself. My job lets me walk into people's lives, and in learning about them I learn about myself.

I used to go out with people and feel zapped, like my energy was pulled out of me, like a dead battery. I'm stronger now. I've learned that I can live in my solitude among people and enjoy it.

17.

PLAYBOY: Did you study murderers for your role in *Hit Man*?

WHITAKER: I went to Pittsburgh and hung out in places I thought I might meet that kind of guy. I was at a bar in the Strip District. Everybody was out of a **Fellini** movie — the prostitutes were big and the street characters were angry. All of a sudden this guy starts screaming at another man, "You're lookin' at my woman!" He climbs up on the bar, yelling, then jumps down. There's a big fight and finally he gets shoved out the front door. He comes back with a gun. Everyone freaks and I'm thinking, this is my exit. I got out of there fast.

18.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any insane fans?

WHITAKER: It's not like I'm **Tom Cruise**. But sometimes people grab me, jump on my car, drop notes off at my home. Weirder stuff, too. I live in the Hollywood Hills. I've got a giant schnauzer and a rottweiler pup tied up in the yard, and somebody's been untying them. Tied the schnauzer where the rottweiler was the other night, and the rottweiler where the schnauzer was. I don't get it. I'm just a character actor with dogs. Maybe this is the price I have to pay. But what's the point?

19.

PLAYBOY: Soon you'll be starring in *The Brown Bomber*, a film about heavyweight champ **Joe Louis**, who was lighter than you are. Have you started the Joe Louis diet?

WHITAKER: [*Sighs heavily*] I haven't weighed 200 since 1985. I'll have to change my way of thinking, the way I live in my body. It'll be a long progression over six months — training, boxing, four or five miles of roadwork a day. It should be good for my health, but I can't say I'm really looking forward to it. I'm looking forward to reading about him.

20.

PLAYBOY: Physically, you're the opposite of Hollywood's idea of a star. In *Bird*, **Diane Venora**, playing your wife, said, "Is he cute? No, but you'll dig him." Why do movie fans dig you?

WHITAKER: There must be some charisma, some charm, in me. And some truth. I hope the truth is magnetic — that's the whole idea.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANS WIENTJENS AND HANS TOONEN

Flirty bird

Meet madcap Miriam — sometimes she's really got to fly!

When a casual observer first catches sight of Miriam Hendriks, the words that spring to mind are not *"sensible" and "honest". We'd think more along the lines of "sensual" and "hot-blooded"! Not so, insists Miriam, what you see is not necessarily what you get. "Those words are me! Still," smiles the demure Miss Hendriks, who hails originally from Holland, "I'm not exactly a candidate for the League of Decency. Whenever I go out I like to flirt with several boys at the same time, but in such a way that they don't notice any of the others. Sometimes I have to make a quick exit — I really have to fly — but other times there's a happy ending, if you know what I mean . . ."*

Well, we think we get your drift, Miriam. And since a little bird told us you have a weakness for lingerie, chili con carne and Billy Idol (not necessarily in that order), perhaps we'll stick around and flirt awhile!

The Best . . . and the *Rest*

Team USA is a shoo-in for the Olympic gold, but the Aussie Boomers are in the pack chasing the runner-up slot, reports Andrew Johnstone.

Those unable to comprehend just what awaits the Australian men's basketball team at Barcelona this month need only be reminded of an exchange between Australian team veteran **Damian Keogh** and invited guests at a dinner held in Sydney late last year.

Standing before the assembled guests, who included a section of the Sydney media, Keogh made the comment that it would be nice to get some of Team USA star **Michael Jordan**'s sweat on him.

As quick as a flash, noted Sydney sports columnist **Debbie Spillane** shot back: "If Michael Jordan was playing against you, would he actually raise a sweat?"

Keogh, himself a veteran of two Olympiads (1984 and 1988), is no slouch when it comes to international basketball, but when you're talking MJ, you're talking the best basketball player in the world, perhaps the best ever to set foot on this planet.

You're talking a player who is paid handsomely by his employers, the world champion Chicago Bulls — somewhere in the vicinity of three million dollars annually, and more than triple that in endorsements.

For the first time since 1984, when as a junior at the University of North Carolina he helped land the USA a gold medal, Jordan is returning to the Olympics, this time as part of the most powerful team ever assembled. The US media, namely the respected *Sports Illustrated*, prefer to call it the "Dream Team".

Among Jordan's team-mates are all-star forwards **Charles Barkley** and **Karl Malone** from the Philadelphia 76ers and the Utah Jazz respectively, Portland Trail Blazers human-highlight film **Clyde Drexler** and New York's **Patrick Ewing**. *Not* going to Barcelona is **Magic Johnson**, who announced his retirement from the Los Angeles Lakers last year after testing positive for the HIV virus.

Team USA will need time to adjust to the rules of the international game, which differ from those of the pros — the most notable difference being that zone defences are allowed in the international game — but are talented enough to overcome any such hurdles.

Similarly, head coach **Chuck Daly**, the mastermind of Detroit's back-to-back NBA championships between 1988 and 1990, will have his players prepared for the tournament, aided by two of the ▶

Previous page: Michael "Air" Jordan will be performing his gravity-defying feats at Barcelona. This page: John Dorge (right) and American-based Luc Longley (far right) will be two of the Boomer big men.

nation's top college coaches.

"Unquestionably, on paper, this will be the best team formed anywhere," says Australian team coach **Adrian Hurley**. "It *is* a Dream Team."

It is the first time that American professionals from the National Basketball Association (NBA) have been permitted to compete at the Olympics. Previously, the USA has been represented by college athletes. The ruling could not have come at a better time for the US, which at recent international tournaments (1988 Olympics, 1990 world championships) has seen its crown as the world's premier basketball country slip.

Anticipation is high in Barcelona for the arrival of Team USA, but the prospect of a procession of tournament-killing blow-outs is a very real one. The experts agree that the Americans will be a class above anything the rest of the world can conjure up, particularly with the break-up of the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia, the latter recognised as the best international team in the world over the past four years. There is, however, a positive side.

"If America plays to their potential it's hard to see any team getting within 20, maybe 30 points of them," says Keogh. "From that point of view it may make it a very one-sided tournament.

"That may happen at these Olympics, it may happen at the next Olympics, but as time goes on that [*gap*] is going to be reduced. We may argue that international basketball is not ready for the super US team quite yet, but certainly, or should I say hopefully, it will be in a few Olympiads."

The prospect of meeting the Americans is a positively scary one, but the Australians are not having nightmares about it.

"I hope like anything that we get a chance to play against them, just for the experience of it," says Keogh, who is entering the latter stages of his international career.

"It would be an honour to play against the legends on that team and to play against what will probably be known as the greatest team ever. We can also measure ourselves, to see whether Michael Jordan really is a $30 million better player than I am!"

Australian team captain **Phil Smyth**, who created a world-wide storm with his comments concerning Magic Johnson and his fears about the HIV virus earlier this year, is similarly enthused about the prospect of challenging the Americans.

"I'm looking forward to it," says Smyth, who is on the verge of his fourth Olympic Games. "It's a great challenge to play against the players recognised as the best in the world."

"The standard of competition is going to escalate by some 50-60 per cent in one jump," adds Hurley. "From our point of view that's going to make our task difficult. On the other hand, I think that the players and myself are really looking forward to it."

So, while it's generally agreed that Team USA will walk away with the gold medal, what's not so clear-cut is which countries will contest the silver and bronze medals.

The Boomers finished fourth at the 1988 Olympics in Seoul, and then led the USA for 38 minutes of a 40 minute game at the 1990 world championships in Argentina to enhance their reputation of one of the improvers in international basketball.

"You guys are going to have a nice team," says the NBA's director of scouting **Marty Blake**. "Nice" is the American way of saying that the Australians will be competitive with most opponents at Barcelona — read "all except the USA".

For the first time in Australian basketball history we will have our own NBA player, centre **Luc Longley**, who made his professional debut with the Minnesota Timberwolves last year.

Of his team-mates, much will hinge on the form of **Mark Bradtke**, the mercurial **Andrew Gaze** and 1988 Olympian **Andrew Vlahov**.

All three have trialled with NBA teams in the past (the former with Daly and the Pistons), are monster talents and will be keen to enhance their reputations before what promises to be a host of European talent scouts. Gaze played in Europe last season, while Bradtke and Vlahov are both tipped to ply their talents overseas.

"I expect us to be in the medals," says Smyth. "I think this is a realistic chance for us to get one. In previous years we've been a little bit too small, or a little bit undermanned.

"We've got the big guys, we've got the scorers and we've got the defensive players. We've got everything we need." ¥

OLYMPIC YACHTING

Rarely do they receive much publicity, but our sailors are always in the medal hunt. Peter Campbell looks at our chances in Barcelona.

The abject failure of Australia's two challenges for the America's Cup this year has cost Australian yachting dearly. Not just in the money contributed by corporations and the public to **Iain Murray**'s *Spirit Of Australia*, the "People's Challenge", or out of the personal pocket of **Syd Fischer** for his quixotic *Challenge Australia* syndicate, but in the perceived blow to our international status in the sport of yachting.

All is not lost to Australian yachting, however. Amateur sailors, the Corinthians as they call them in the United States, are holding up our name in international sailing with minimal sponsorship, mostly from friends and families. They continue to win many world dinghy, catamaran and sailboard championships each year, and a small but elite group is now preparing for Barcelona with Australia's strongest Olympic yachting bid since the Los Angeles Games in 1984. There is definitely gold in them there hulls!

Over the past 12 months Australian individual sailors and crews have won more than a dozen world championships, ranging from Windsurfers and Mirror dinghies through to high-performance Fireballs, Dragon class keelboats and, most significantly, in the Tornado catamaran class, the Olympic two-man catamaran class.

Sydney sailors **Mitch Booth** and **John Forbes** are now heading for Barcelona after a magnificent summer of sailing in Australia in which they won the Australian and World Tornado championships off Fremantle, beating many of their likely Olympic rivals.

Booth and Forbes won their previous world title in 1989 at a tornado-dodging (big wind type, not catamaran) series in Texas. They followed this with a luckless second in the Barcelona Pre-Olympic Regatta, sailed on the Olympic course, last year.

Ranking with the Tornado crew as a gold medal-winning prospect is **Glenn Bourke**, a three-time world champion in the single-handed Laser dinghy and 1991 Australian Yachtsman of the Year.

Bourke moved from being top dog in the highly competitive Laser single-handed dinghy into the demanding Finn solo dinghy only 18 months ago. "It is a totally different concept in sailing, and when I went to the Barcelona Pre-Olympics I knew little about mast bend or sails, or even the techniques of sailing the Finn," Bourke admitted. Yet he finished eighth in the Finns and then, going on to Canada, placed 12th (ninth nation) in the Finn worlds.

After less than a year of sailing Finns he was ranked sixth in the world by the International Yacht Racing Union and is certainly in line to at least emulate the performance of another great Australian sailor, **John Bertrand**, who in 1976 won the bronze medal in the Finn class at the Montreal Games.

Bourke left for Europe in late March for three months of competitive racing and coaching on the European circuit before joining the Olympic yachting team at Barcelona in early July, with most of the other crews heading overseas soon after.

Their campaigns have been supported by the Australian Olympic Committee to the tune of up to $300,000 this year by way of travel funding, coaching, the purchase of the best equipment available (including sails and fittings), and, if necessary, the purchase of new boats.

In what was once a male-dominated Olympic sport, yachting has been extended to 10 classes at Barcelona, three of them specifically for women, and it is in the women's 470 class that Australia has another strong medal prospect. Melbourne women **Jeni Lidgett** and **Addy Bucek** won their way into the team with straight wins over the Sydney crew of **Nicola Bethwaite** and **Karyn Davies**, who were the first Australian women to sail in Olympic yachting, at Seoul in 1988. Lidgett and Bucek also finished top Australian crew with an overall sixth.

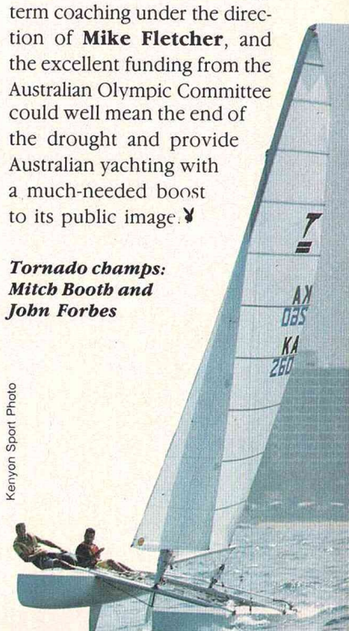
For Barcelona, a women's single-handed dinghy class, the Europe, has been added, along with a women's division of the Lechner sailboard class. Representing in the Europe dinghies will be Queenslander **Christine Bridge**, and in the sailboards will be **Fiona Taylor** from Mount Eliza near Melbourne.

A veteran of the Olympic team, having sailed at Los Angeles and at Seoul (the yachting was at Pusan), is former America's Cup yachtsman **Colin Beashel**. He placed 11th in the Starboat, a demanding two-man keelboat, at Los Angeles and improved greatly to be seventh in Korea He turned down Syd Fischer's offer to skipper *Challenge Australia* in the America's Cup campaign this year to concentrate on his Olympic campaign, and must be ranked a medal prospect.

Similarly, in the other keelboat class, the three-man Soling, Australia has an excellent crew comprising Melbourne sailors **Bill Hodder** and **Tim Dorning** and Sydney sailor **Michael Mottl**. Hodder, a wealthy Melbourne businessman, has spent a great deal of time and money in overseas campaigns in firstly lifting the status of Australia in the Soling class to reach the Olympic qualifying standards set by the AYF and AOC, and, secondly, in winning his way to Barcelona against strong opposition.

Australia has always been well to the fore in boardsailing, with Victorian Fiona Taylor being joined by the talented Sydney sailor **Lars Kleppich** after both won selection from small fleets sailing in Brisbane in March.

Australian yachtsmen have not won a medal since 1984, when the team collected a bronze in the Tornado. The combination of natural talent of team members, the long-term coaching under the direction of **Mike Fletcher**, and the excellent funding from the Australian Olympic Committee could well mean the end of the drought and provide Australian yachting with a much-needed boost to its public image. ¥



Tornado champs: Mitch Booth and John Forbes

Kenyon Sport Photo

TRUE-BLUE BULGARIANS

Our best prospects for Barcelona lie with the weight-lifters, but their stiffest competition is from government bureaucracy, reports James Weston.

It's not talent that will decide Australian weight-lifting success at the Barcelona Olympics. Nor is it hard work, determination, or any amount of blood, sweat and tears. It is politics.

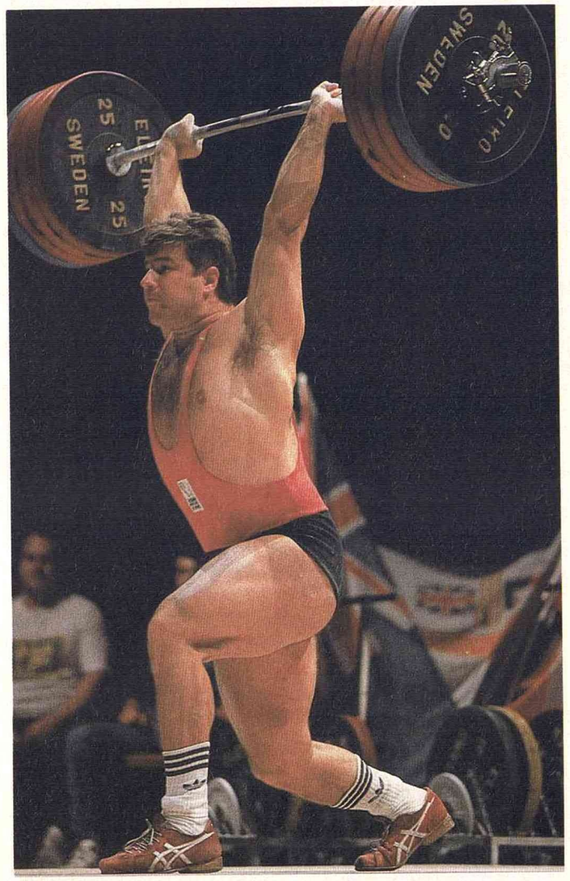
For until the cutthroat lobbying of the respective parties — the Australian Olympic Federation, the federations of several Eastern European countries and, ultimately, the IOC hierarchy — is over, it is uncertain whether Australia will be represented by five of the finest talents this country has seen.

One is **Nicu Vlad**. Romanian by birth, he now lives and trains in Victoria, and is seeking citizenship. So too do his four training partners, **Stefan Botev**, **Blagoi Blagoev**, **Kiril Kounev** and **Sevdalin Marinov**. All were born in Bulgaria but, like Vlad, are toeing the political line in search of the green (and gold) light to lift for Australia at Barcelona. What would that mean? Consider the thoughts of **Paul Coffa**, national coach and sole selector of the national team.

"People do not appreciate the calibre of weight-lifter we are talking about, or their reasons for coming to live out here," says Coffa, a dour, passionate administrator well versed in the backroom political manoeuvrings of his sport.

"All of these men have been world champions in their divisions. Politics have denied several of them even the chance to compete in the past two Olympics, so why should this happen again? Is that justice? They have given everything they have to come here for a better life.

"I cannot allow myself to think these people will not compete. Believe me," he says, "we will never give up."



Stefan Botev: As close to a gold medal certainty as you can get.

Yes, Coffa has almost fanatical faith in his cause, one not universally popular in this country: weight-lifting, especially that with origins in the eastern bloc, remains tainted by the stigma of drugs, not to mention the cynical attitude afforded the arrival of the five men in question.

But the bottom line, the sheer talent of these lifters, is impossible to deny. Botev, for instance, is a gold medallist, should he negotiate the politics and reach centre stage. He is capable of a combined total of 450kg (the sum of his "clean and jerk" and "snatch" disciplines); Australia's best in his 110kg division is 21-year-old South Australian **Jason Roberts**. His target? 350kg.

That is not to belittle local talent. Indeed, superheavyweight **Steven Kettner** is Coffa's golden boy, a surging mass of muscle capable of a high finish at Barcelona. Kettner is currently lifting around the 385kg mark. An improvement to the 400kg threshold, says Coffa — a legitimate improvement as he trains and therefore learns alongside this influx of world-class talent — would give the young Victorian a smell of a medal.

"In the past two world championships the bronze has gone to 390kg and 392kg. You can see how close Steven is," says an obviously proud Coffa of the Australian team's linchpin. "Steven is tough mentally."

Like Botev, Vlad is another walk-up start to stand high on the middle dais and collect gold. In the 100kg class he has no equal, lifting up to 420kg; he is also an Olympic gold and silver medallist and is perhaps the pick of this group.

Blagoev is 35. He retired in 1984, yet he still holds a world record of 195.5kg in the snatch section of the 90kg division. Should he reach Barcelona, he is a definite medal prospect and, as Coffa says, "We're not talking bronze, either."

Kounev and Marinov are equally brilliant. The latter is the current Olympic champion in the 52kg division, but is stepping up to the 56kg class. Both are medal prospects.

The question is, will they compete and, if not, how does Australia shape up. The first question, at time of writing, has no answer. Being granted a clearance by the sport's controlling body, the International Weightlifting Federation, was the least of Coffa's problems — now there are two more prerequisites: first, Australian citizenship, a goal Coffa is hoping will be granted through the discretion of the immigration minister, Mr Hand.

Then the waters cloud somewhat. Permission of the Bulgarian and Romanian federations must be received. Initial prospects here are dim, but Coffa will not be deterred. In fact, he plans to doorknock the IOC itself in search of success.

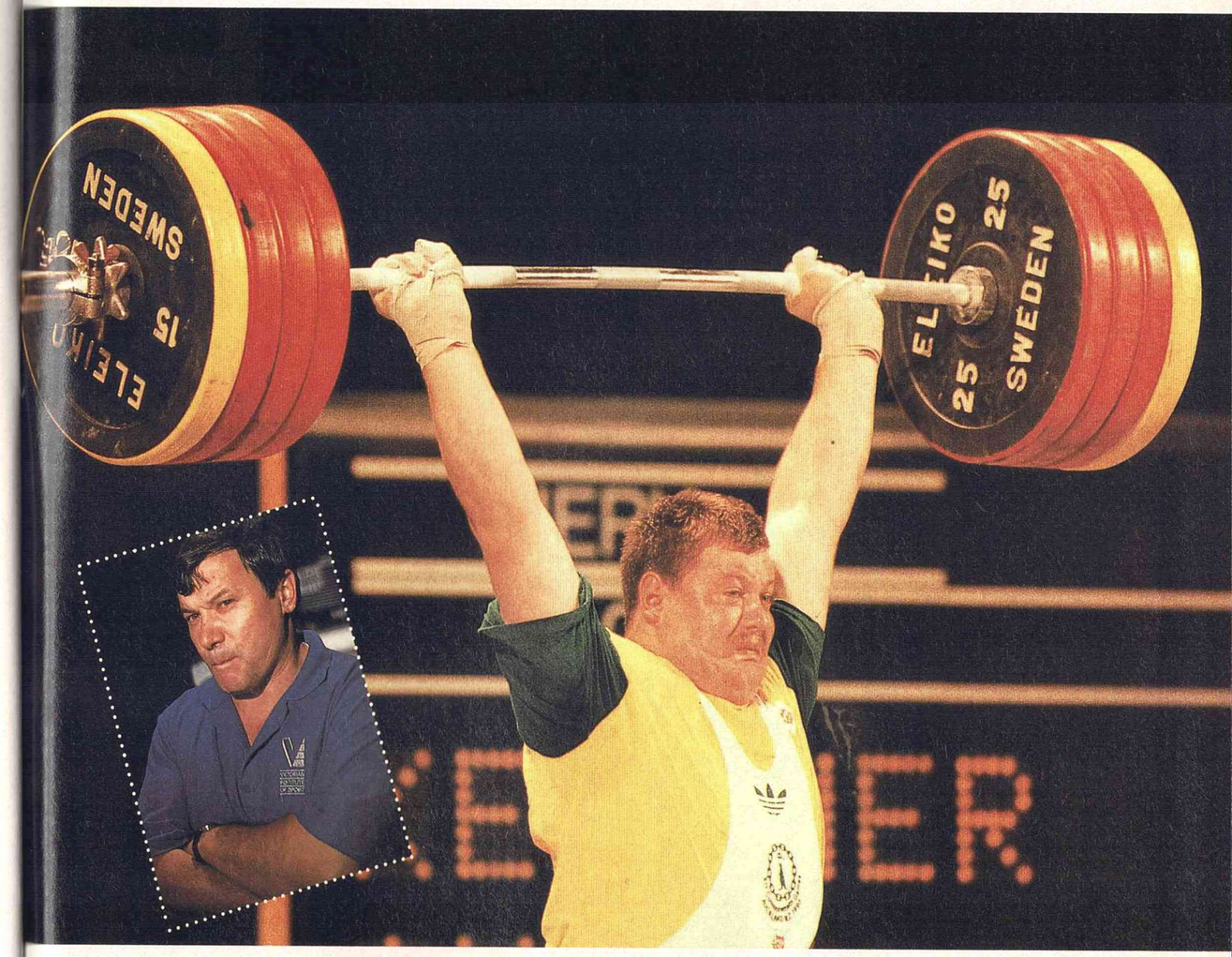
It is, however, a realistic prospect that the lauded five will not compete. Though Coffa will not admit it, time — the constant enemy — is running short. That is fact, heartbreaking or otherwise.

If he fails, Kettner will carry the hopes of a team reduced dramatically in size to perhaps five lifters. In the 90kg class, Victorian **Harvey Goodman** would likely make the trip. Well over the qualifying standard set by the IWF, Goodman is a regular 350kg lifter, a figure certain to earn a respectable finish at Barcelona. Likewise, **Phillip Christou** in the 82.5kg competition: comfortably clearing the qualifying mark of 320kg, Christou is one of the team's better hopes.

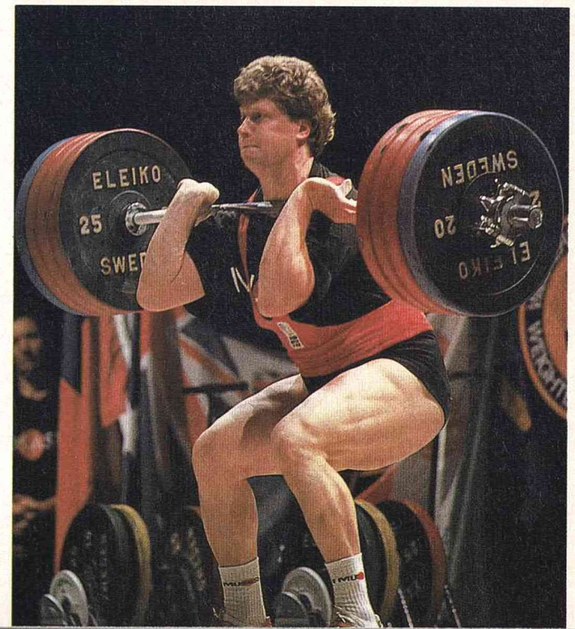
Roberts would go, and fellow South Australian **Peter Bandjek** would push closely for selection in the same division. In the 75kg class, **Damian Brown** and **Ron Laycock**, the latter a Seoul Olympian, are pressing for selection.

And finally, in Kettner's shadow to a degree but forever a stalwart of the sport in this country, stands the imposing frame of **Charles Gazarella**. Seventh at Seoul, Gazarella is a strong chance to return for another crack at glory in the superheavyweight class, the blue-ribbon event.

After all, that's what it is all about. Glory. Politics, however, the all-too-familiar cousin of sport in the world's highest echelon, looks set to play a denial role once again. ¥

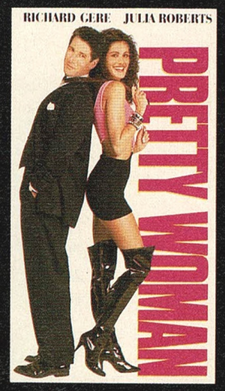


Coach Paul Coffa (inset, left) is hoping that Aussie-born Steven Kettner (above) will get within a sniff of a medal in the superheavyweight class, while Nicu Vlad (below) has as good as got the gold in his pocket.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY SPORT — THE LIBRARY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

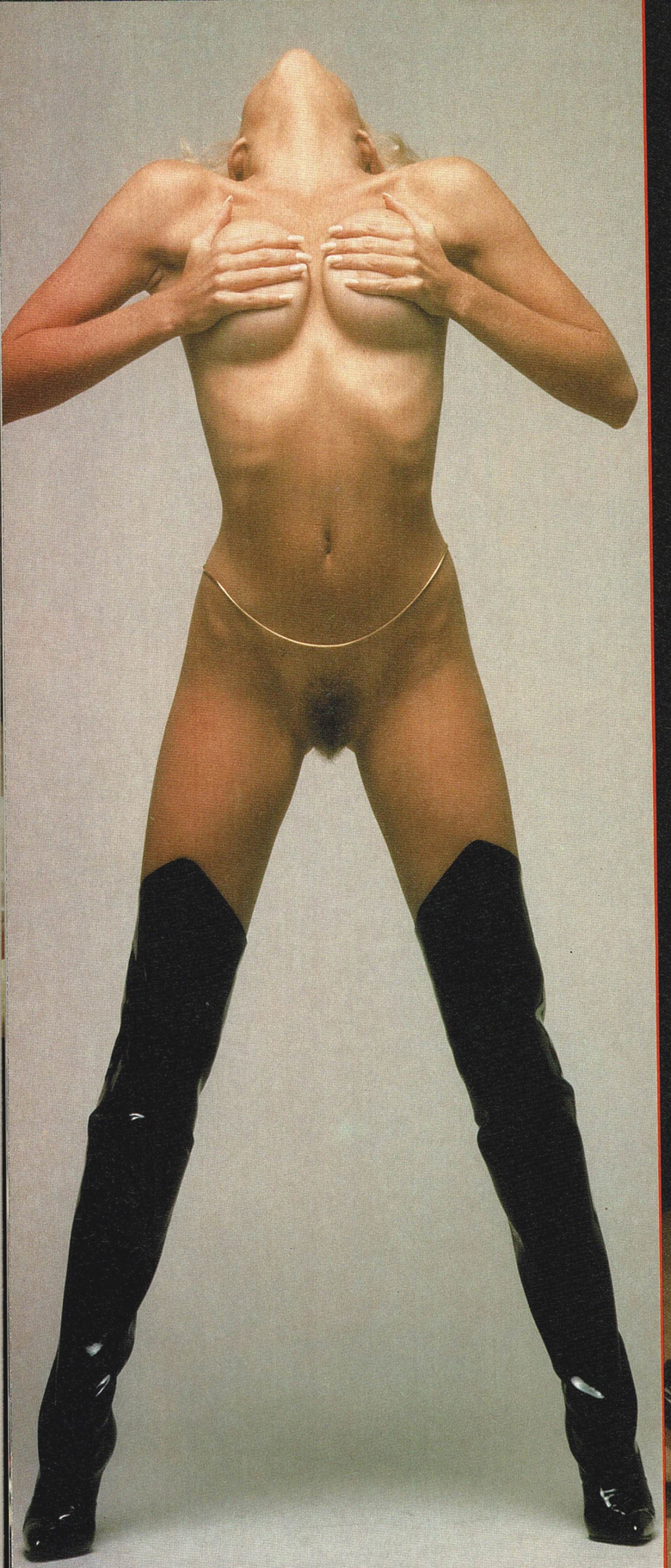


We watch *Entertainment Tonight*. We read *Premiere*. We know all about the fake blood, stuntmen, special effects and other illusions that Hollywood uses to make movie magic. We know that Robin Williams wasn't really flying in *Hook* and that *T2*'s Arnold Schwarzenegger is actually human (or at least close to it) in real life. But as much as we like to think we know it all, the movie business still has a handful of mysteries that it's reluctant to share, despite all those "The Making Of . . ." movies. And certainly one of the most alluring of those mysteries is Shelley Michelle.

You've probably already met Shelley — or at least some important parts of her. Remember the beginning of *Pretty Woman* and a voluptuous Julia Roberts dressing for a night's work? Or the scene in *My Stepmother Is An Alien* in which we admire Kim Basinger's legs as they dangle in midair? Or Catherine Oxenburg's steamy sex scenes in *Overexposed*? Well, Julia, Kim and Catherine were

DOUBLE VISION

You've seen her standing in for Julia Roberts. Now Shelley Michelle stands up for herself.



nowhere near the set when those scenes were filmed. Instead, we were seeing various body parts of the hardest working body double in show business.

A body double is not unlike a stuntman. If an actress is too busy, too fat, too skinny or too shy to do revealing shots, producers hire a substitute to go on camera for her.

"A lot of times, the actress has had a baby or hasn't been able to work out because she's been busy with the script. Or she has a bruise or something like that," explains 28-year-old Shelley.

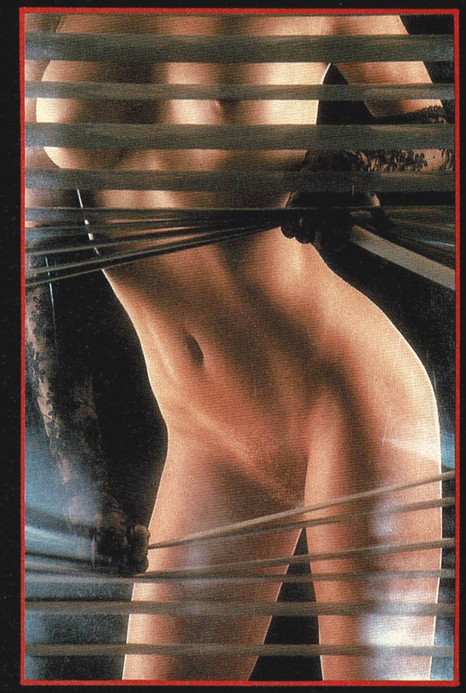
Other times, the star's body just isn't up to expectations. Vanity, by the way, is not exclusive to women. Men as well as women use body doubles — in fact, both Michael Douglas and Clint Eastwood have used the same actor to portray their hands.

Touchstone, the studio behind *Pretty Woman*, urged Shelley to remain quiet about her role as Julia Roberts' body double (rumour has it that Julia was, shall we say, a tad thin to pull off the opening sequence). Touchstone used the same technique to spice up the movie's poster, which featured Julia and co-star Richard Gere standing back to back. In reality, a photo of Julia's head was superimposed on a picture of yet another body double.

"We've had Westerns that have been going on for two thousand years and we know that the actor is not falling off the building, not risking his life. But body-doubling remains hush-hush," complains Shelley.

That seems to be changing, as more body doubles get some sort of credit for their work. Usually, the stars themselves are grateful. Kim Basinger personally chose Shelley after viewing countless pairs of legs at an audition. (Since the stunt involved hanging from a crane, it was decided that it was too dangerous for Kim to do herself.) She later asked Shelley to fill a similar role doing some nudity on her latest movie *Final Analysis*. Anne Archer recently had Shelley perform as her on-camera stand-in during sex scenes with Dennis Hopper in a US telemovie. After having three children, Archer didn't feel up to the exposure. "You've added 10 years to my career," Archer reportedly told Shelley.

"I seem to have a really nice reputation as being easy to work with," says Shelley, who



"Every day, Julia Roberts thanked me," recalls Shelley of her gig subbing for the star of *Pretty Woman*. "In fact, she asked me to work on her next film. To this day, the studio wants me to be quiet about it. They want people to think, wow, Julia's got this great body. They think it's ruining the illusion for the audience."

developed her body through years of ballet and spent four years wearing short-shorts in commercials. "I come in, do my job and act very uninhibited about it."

Shelley is much in demand as a double and gets top dollar — $1000 a day — and she has insured her legs for $1 million with Lloyd's of London. But the best news, claims Shelley, is that casting directors are suddenly interested in putting her various parts together in a single package.

"Now I'm getting the opportunity to prove myself from the neck up," she says. "I'm looking for a good lead part. One of my goals is to be the next James Bond girl. I've turned my dancing into martial arts and I can really kick and stuff. These legs aren't just for beauty."

Shelley plans to continue doubling — "It pays the rent" — and she has been approached by two major stars, one of them a well-known Oscar winner, to disrobe in their stead. But much of her energy is now focused on her own career as an actress. "I look it at this way," she says. "In the first thing I did, *My Stepmother Is An Alien*, I was putting on nylons. So I've literally started at the bottom — my feet — and I'm working up to my face."

"I seem to be just big enough or just small enough and just curvy enough to fit the actresses and still make it look believable," says Shelley. She keeps her body in shape by dancing and practising martial arts. When she's not body-doubling or acting, she sings, and does stand-up comedy (including a Madonna impression).

An electric car with performance comparable to the petrol-driven vehicle is now a reality. But just how viable is it?

OHM ALONE

Motoring by **Rob Luck**

JAPAN, AUTUMN 1991. On a secret test track near Tokyo a record run is in progress. You can normally pick a record run — a car screaming around a track at high speed, race driver with fire suit, crash helmet and rollcage in place, a furore of action in the pits, scads of tyres stacked high, fuel churns littered around, timekeepers crouched against the wind, and crews decked out in team colours and headsets.

This one is different — no pit hardware, no quick-change pitcrew, no back-up drivers, no team manager. And out on the track — no noise. Well, almost no noise, just the eerie sound of a silent car whistling through the air . . .

What is going down here is a record run for an electric car. The IZA (aptly named — the Record Breaker) is logging automotive history of a new kind. This is an attempt to set new standards for acceleration, speed and distance in a car that runs on a charge of electricity. Standards that will be more like those you would expect for a conventional, petrol-driven car.

The trials go on for hours, and at the end of the day there is a whole new rulebook. A standing quarter mile time of 18.05sec, a maximum speed of 176km/h and a travel distance of 548km on a single charge at a constant speed of 40km/h, or 270km at a steady 100km/h.

The Tokyo Electric Power Company has just opened a new era for electric-powered vehicles. The IZA looks like something out of a James Bond movie, but has regular-car attributes — four seats, power steering, power brakes, power windows and air-conditioning.

Tokyo Electric claims a performance that compares favourably with conventional cars, with an energy consumption about one-third of gasoline cars' and zero pollution. This car is sleek (as the pictures show), slippery through the air (a drag coefficient of 0.19Cd is close to jet-fighter standards) and light (it's made from carbon fibre, plastic and alloy).

So what this looks like is that at last we have an alternative to the conventional car — a pure, clean, silent, smooth and civilised electric commuter vehicle.

Or does it?

Electric cars are being mooted as the new saviour of the planet. In the amped-up modern debate about the environment and the destruction of the globe with pollution, electric cars are universally seen as the Big Fix. Clean and silent, they look like the utopian solution. Now, as specially built prototypes approach the performance levels of conventional cars, there seems nothing to stop them.

Electric cars are in fact the automotive bzzzzword of today — the anti-pollution phenomenon of the '90s. In the '70s it was exhaust catalysts and in the '80s it was lead-free fuel.

They didn't work, but surely electric cars will.

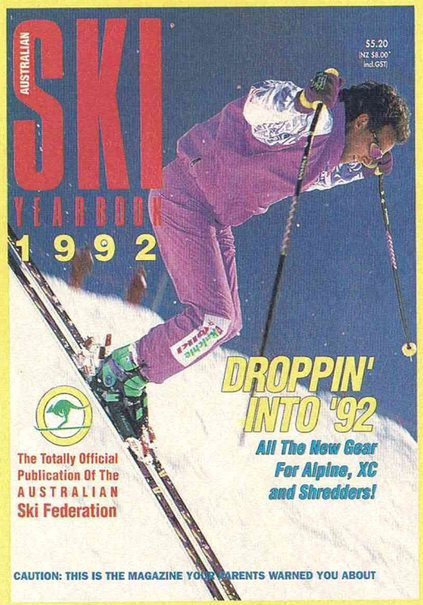
Certainly, most countries are going down the electric road. Japan is flush with electric vehicle projects, and the ▶

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY STOP PRESS

AUSTRALIAN SKI YEAR BOOK

SO COOL IT'S SNOWING!

ON SALE NOW



The latest earth moving equipment from JVC.

This is the MX90. One of the new range of JVC compact Hi-Fi's that break new ground in the art of miniaturisation.

Six amplifiers deliver a massive 480 Watts (PMPO) with an earth shattering bass from ingenious subwoofer sound compression channels.

Like all MX compacts there's full remote control, a CD player, tuner, dual cassette deck and features and functions that make most big systems sound rather small.

If you want to move the earth without breaking the bank, visit your JVC stockist. For locations telephone (02) 750 4188 or (008) 225 044.

A breakthrough in compact audio

JVC MX SERIES 5 YEAR EXTENDED WARRANTY

McKeon, Fowler JVCH6677

OHM ALONE

Energy Ministry alone spent $100m on research last year. At the Tokyo Show last year I saw dozens of electric cars produced by car manufacturers.

America has many cell-mates to the Japanese machines and is committed to electric power, legislating for some extraordinary growth levels — 10,000 vehicles by 1995, 2 per cent of the vehicle population by 1998, 10 per cent by the year 2003.

America may already be well ahead. The General Motors Impact set new electric standards in 1990 and is slated for production by 1993. The car speeds to 100km/h in eight seconds flat (a performance car time) and will run at the legal highway limit for nearly 200 kilometres. It can do 120km/h and set the standard for low-drag at 0.19Cd more than two years ago.

So what are we waiting for — the clean, silent, swift and civilised machine of the future is at hand . . .

Not quite so fast . . .

Every machine has its downside, and this electric car has plenty. For the size of vehicle, it is extraordinarily heavy despite ultra-light construction techniques. Although about the size of a Camry, it weighs in around 300kg heavier. Its special nickel cadmium batteries weigh around four times that of a conventional engine, and the car steers like a runaway train. While it can cover a decent distance at a reasonable speed, it can't handle frequent acceleration. So the 270km range at a constant 100km/h is maybe halved when you add in some bursts of acceleration.

Charging is another issue. Right now you can forget the notion of the convenience of your normal fast-fill gas station. For a normal vehicle range, conventional charging takes 10-14 hours, or overnight.

Sure there are fast-charge systems, but they rely on very high voltages. These can top up a battery in as little as six minutes — but not with your standard home socket. No, sir, you need a sophisticated electric "fill station" that can deliver the 400 volts necessary to top up your Zap-mobile. It would cost billions to scatter these conveniently around the country, and even then you'd have to rule out outback or remote locations.

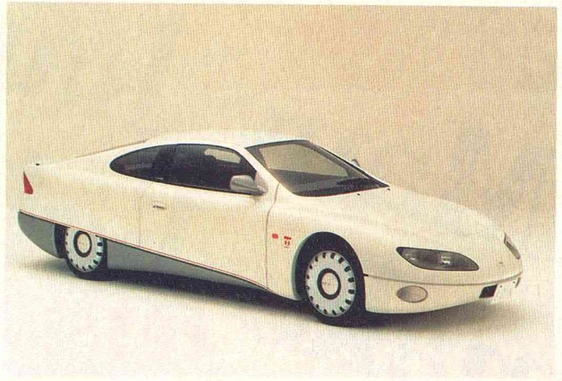
Switzerland has around 400 cars (but these are chiefly service vehicles in the ski resort of Zermatt where the locals say horses are still about 50 per cent more efficient). In France there are 135 in Paris, 300 country-wide, and in Germany another 300. The European Community has started a scheme and wants to see real action by the year 2000. (On the other hand, Australia's major contribution is probably dodgem cars.)

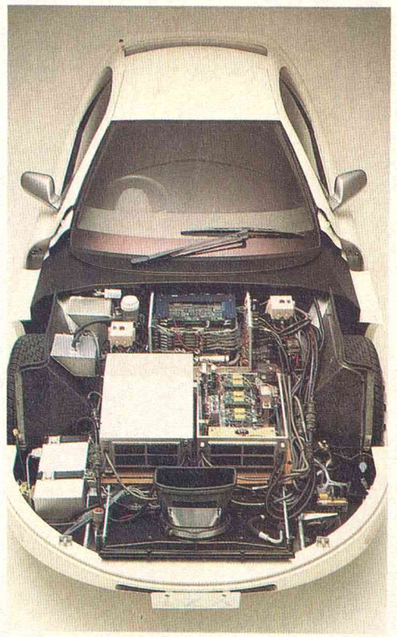
Even so, we are still talking chicken-feed. The Japan target of 100,000 vehicles worldwide by the year 2000 puts the industry in perspective — there are more than 30 million vehicles produced annually and getting on for a billion in the global car park.

It may be just as well that the growth of electric vehicles has hit a wall — because no one has really examined the long-term consequences. When, or if, battery cars get to 10 per cent of the US market, the country is going to have to wrestle with millions of tonnes of toxic waste when the batteries are cactus.

And to fire up an electricity grid to power those few million cars could require an expansion of electric power at the rate of up to six times our current levels.

The same greenies who have opposed nuclear power are now confronted with an awful dilemma: nuclear stations are the only foreseeable source of cheap, clean fuel. The alternative is coal-fired power, now recognised as statistically one of the worst polluters on the planet.





Above and right: The IZA is like something out of James Bond, combining visual appeal with great under-the-bonnet practicality. Opening page: The General Motors Impact set new electric standards in 1990 and is slated for production by 1993.

Solar power raises its head whenever there is talk of electricity. But so far solar power is good for running minor accessories. Mitsubishi recently showed a car with a solar roof that could handle minor tasks like running the vehicle's fan system when stationary. Nissan put solar into perspective though, admitting that the solar cells on its remarkable FEV vehicles would charge up their car battery in five weeks in favourable daylight conditions. A month-plus is a long time to wait to take the family chariot to the shops for a bottle of milk.

Nissan has produced a high-tech solution in the FEV — a car that produced car-like performance with cute styling appeal, low Cd, and a quick-charge battery solution. Even Nissan admits that this is out of the question at present because of the special charging-station requirements (and costs).

There are dozens of other issues to consider — from the way in which various taxes and fees have to be raised, to the safety factor of having "silent" vehicles.

The final crushing blow is cost. Right now, you can get aboard a state-of-the-art electric machine for around $10 million. Sure the costs will come down with time and volume, but there is still no suggestion that electric cars can be produced anywhere near the cost of conventional cars. $9,970,000 to go!

Many hands make lights work

Sega Game Gear

Sega's entrant in the hand-held stakes features excellent graphics and one of the best add-ons we've seen. With an 8cm (diagonal) back-lit LCD screen with 32 colours, you can play games like Mickey Mouse In The Castle Of Illusion. (We have — although not with the greatest success!) The range of games available for the system is not that extensive at the moment, although Sega is releasing games all the time and before long the selection will better its competitors. But the bit we like best is the TV tuner that you can buy separately. It simply slips into the game cartridge slot and transforms your hand-held computer game into a hand-held TV! Perhaps our only complaint is that the unit really rips through the batteries.

The basic unit costs around $249, with extra games coming in from $39.95, whilst the TV tuner costs approximately $189.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS ELFES AND TONY NOLAN

There's no doubting the amazing reception that computer games have had over the past decade. But the real action is now occurring with hand-held consoles that allow you to play your favourite game where and when you want to. Here's our guide to the big three systems available.

Nintendo Game Boy

The Game Boy is the smallest of the hand-helders we checked out — it's also the only one that doesn't feature a colour screen. Don't take this as a negative, because the mono screen ensures the Game Boy doesn't chew up batteries (as the other two seemed to). Its size also makes it *very* portable. You can also play against people by using a cable to link two consoles.

We played Tetris, the game the unit comes with, and Golf. Both were great — particularly Golf with its excellent graphics and "life-like" play. The list of games available is quite extensive.

The recommended retail price of the Game Boy is $149, and extra game cartridges start at $49. You can also buy a light you can attach to the unit that includes a screen magnifier ($70), a recharge adaptor ($60) and a four-player adaptor ($55).

Atari Lynx

The Lynx features an excellent full-colour LCD screen similar to the Sega Game Gear. We played a range of games on it including Blue Lightning (a great fighter pilot simulation), Checkered Flag (one of the best motor-racing games we've had a go at) and Shanghai (a real mental challenge — like playing patience on a computer). The graphics on all the games were excellent.

You can buy the Atari Lynx console for $169.95, and there are accessories such as a car lighter adaptor ($39.95), battery pack ($24.95) and an external power adaptor ($24.95) — a product we'd certainly suggest getting so you don't go through all those batteries!

MIXED DOUBLES

It was a great idea to come here without telling anyone. Steve's not coming and Laura's on her own.

I like Nick... and I think he likes me...

I dream of that woman.

Pity Steve's coming... otherwise who knows what would happen...

HORACIO ALTUNA ©

Oooops! You had me there, Nick!

You're not concentrating. Where were you?

Sorry, Miss, your husband's on the phone...

Let's call it a day, Nick. I was going to win anyway.

All you have to do is smile and I let you win...

SKIES SOCIOS

She's gorgeous! What do I have to do to get her into bed?

Hi, Steve! I was waiting for you...

I'm with Nick. We've got to catch up on some work. I'll see you tonight, darling!

How can he be with Nick? I'm with Nick! The lying swine!

What a face! My word, you look cranky!

I've just found out I'm married to a creep!

Really...

What's happened with Steve? Did she find out he was with another woman?

I'm behaving like a saint and he's off being unfaithful!

What the hell am I being so pure for?

Laura's driving me crazy...

Jesus, and Nick's just next door...

God, I'd better have a cold shower...

The club's empty. What if I took the chance...

?

Nick...

Nick...

Nick!

Uh?

What do you want?

Wow!

HORACIO ALTUNA ©

Who were you thinking about, Nick?

You, of course, Laura...

It's all your doing!

I'm honoured... I had no idea...

You don't mind?

What can I do to help?

What a silly question, Laura.

Mm....

Darling...

Oh...

Slowly...

Ah...

Oh... oh...

My love...

My love...

Yes, darling ?

HORACIO ALTUNA©

You drive me crazy...

You're wonderful...

Oh, yes !

Oh, my love, you make me feel great !

Ooh !

I love you...

3

Russell !

Russell !

What do you think you're doing, you dirty old man... in the men's toilet ?

What do you mean, woman ?

Listen, you've got it all wrong !

At your age ! You pervert !

Yes, Steve's cheating on me so I'll do the same. An eye for an eye's my motto...

But...

Poofter !

I couldn't agree more. It serves him right...

Hello, love ! I called to tell you I'd be late but there was no reply...

Yeah ? Poor darling, you look so tired too.

Sorry I wasn't here. I was with Laura. Where were you ?

I was working late with Steve...

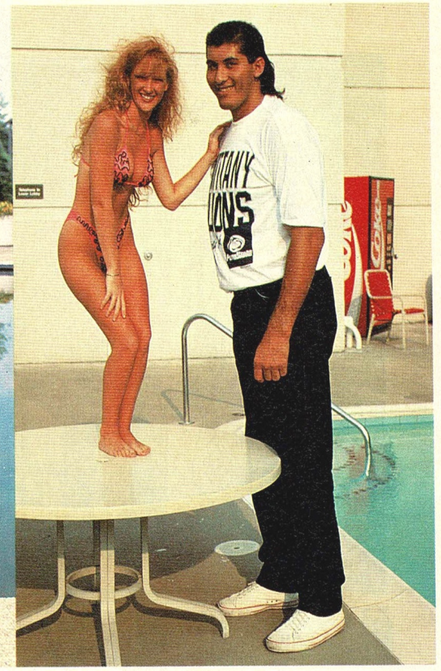
With Laura ?!

With Steve ?!

BIG BOOFY BLOKES

From the weird and wonderful land of America come these two big, boofy blokes. The one trying to pull his fingers off (or is that testing places to rest a beer?) is David Burks, an investigator in the Caddo Parish Sheriff's Department, who stands 216cm (7′1″) and weighs in at 141kg.

The other guy is known as El Gigante, which makes sense as he's a whopping 236cm (7′9″) and 211kg! What does he do? Practically the only thing you can if your basketball skills aren't up to scratch — he's a pro wrestler. Andre the Giant, eat your heart out!



SHE'S BACK AND SHE'S BAD

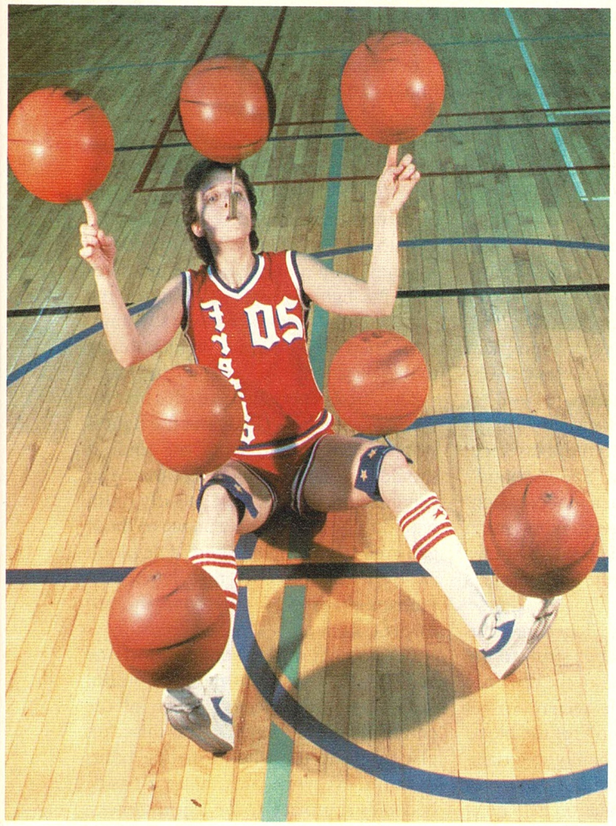
Oh dear, maybe the PM cut a little too deep with his republican speech when *she* was out here earlier in the year. Our spy photographer caught these pics of HM just recently — see how her blood pressure has risen, see how mad she is . . . in fact, see what big teeth she has. Makes you wonder, doesn't it?

SEPARATED AT BIRTH

You saw Danny De Vito and big Arnie in *Twins*, now meet Robert Englund and Frederick Krueger! In *Australian Playboy*'s continuing tradition of bringing long-lost relatives together, we're happy to present this pairing. Fred's a little cut up over the whole incident.

WOW . . . HEADPHONES!

Yeah, but not just *any* headphones. These babes are from the Philips Collection — a bunch of new audio and visual products that, as the boys from Philips say, are science, not fiction! We reckon they look pretty nifty — check 'em out.



What a spinner

See Sandy Slade. See Sandy tape arrow tips to her basketball shoes. See Sandy don kneepads with arrow tips sewn in. See Sandy place a rubber-mounted arrow tip in her mouth. See Sandy spin seven basketballs at once. See what an idiot Sandy is . . .

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SYDNEY FREELANCE

GREAT TITS

Here's a couple of pics from an American revue called the LA Centrefold — something like a woman's answer to The Chippendales. Apparently they perform a bit, then wander round the audience getting groped. Sounds like a fun night out, doesn't it!

OLYSWATCH

Yep, 'tis that time when the Olympic Games are upon us, and what's the most important thing you — the Olympic watcher — are going to need? A watch. Why? So you can make sure you're settled in front of the telly at the right time to catch your favourite event. Which watch? The Thermas from Swatch wouldn't be a bad place to start. With great styling and accurate timekeeping you might want two, like this bloke!

NEXT MONTH

Black Box: You be the judge!
You've heard the controversy about whether Katrin Quinol is a man or a woman. We showcase some exclusive photos to help you make up your mind!

music, lies and videotape
Sick of FM's pumping out mouldy oldies? Of course you are — that's why they invented video. But the escalating costs are leaving new bands in the same old dilemma.

20 Questions: Patrick Swayze
He hauled ass in *Dirty Dancing*, went to pot with Demi Moore in *Ghost*, surfed and skydived in *Point Break*. No wonder he's Hollywood's hottest property.

Strictly Leeanne
Some day soon Miss August may be the top ballroom dancer in the world. Let us show you areas in which she's already tops!

The Thinking Man's Guide To Talking To Women
An indispensable list of do's and don'ts for talking to your lover.

The Kicking Fields *(cont. from p.43)*

There is also blood. Sometimes lots of it. Most of the fights on tonight's card make the term "amateur" no idle adjective — they're rough and willing. Three two-minute rounds impart an urgency which makes for crude and sometimes interesting conflict. Occasionally, the action even moves out of the ring. It pays to sit in the third or fourth row. Don't sit in the fifth row, though. Chances are you'll be stuck next to someone who jumps up every five minutes, shouting "CARNAGE!"

We chat to Percy Lanciana, a former kickboxer who was on the scene when the sport first came into this country. "Quite often the contests come down to bone-crunching impact," Lanciana says. "Some people think kicking the legs is fine, but nothing — *nothing* — pleases the crowd more than to see a knockout with a punch or, better still, with a kick to the head." How very cheery.

"I like aggression," he adds. "I like hard things but I just find . . . shin on shin! Urgh! I just find that I'm glad that I got too old by the time this came in, because it's not something I enjoy."

The crowd is generally good-humoured, even pensive at times, and there is the occasional flash of typical Australian sporting arena humour. "Pull his head off," one punter bellows during a less than inspiring bout. In the distance, someone keeps shouting "Shoot! Shoot!" Perhaps he thinks he's at a soccer match.

Meanwhile, in the corner, an Asian trainer is questioning the sexuality of his charge's opponent. Loudly. Even that gets a chuckle.

The only time the natives become restless is when the ring babes strut, to the occasional wolf-whistle, but the presence of girlfriends and/or wives keeps even this to a minimum. If it weren't for the blood this would be the best family entertainment since *Disney On Ice*. However dubious the sport's reputation may be, it is hardly known for its violence outside the field of play, unlike boxing, Aussie Rules and Tommy Hanlon Jr's *Pot Of Gold*.

The main (professional) bout — for the Australian Superlight Heavyweight title — isn't as, er, amateur. In one corner is American Ed "Boom Boom" Beavelock. In the other corner is Ian "The Powerhouse" Jacobs.

(Change and decay in all around we see, but there are some constants in this world. All kiddies still believe in Santa, all ex-PMs find it hard to live on their pensions, and all boxers have obvious nicknames. In years gone by, every boxer in Britain was named "Kid" — a bit hopeless when they were 45 and paunchy, but there you are. Given that kickboxing is meant to be the new wave, we were hoping for something a bit fruity, like Larry "The Tabernacle of Death" Billhook. But no, it's more of the same — Boyd "Razor" Sharp, Danny "Dynamo" White, even Peter "The Saint" Saint.)

Jacobs is a stunning new talent who hails from Brisbane and is only 19 years old. Within a few rounds he is so in control that his family, including his gran, seems to wince in sympathy for his opponent. Gran's a bit of a nail-biter too, by the looks of it. It's an ugly habit, but at least she's not the one shouting out: "C'mon, Ian — in the forehead!"

Beavelock is cut early and blood starts finding various routes from his forehead down his face to his chin. At first it seems like a superficial, though ugly, cut. What follows gives some indication about how kickboxing still has a way to go in terms of professionalism and organisation.

With the best of intentions, the doctor — armed with rubber gloves — interferes with the fight and tries to staunch the flow of blood from Beavelock's wound. From then on the fight is, in kickboxing terms, illegal.

The doctor continues to do his best for the struggling Beavelock, but the fight is stopped one round from the end. It should have ended long before that. You can imagine, though, that an early finish wouldn't be entirely acceptable to those gathered for the fight. There'd be blood all over the place if that happened. Perhaps that's why they have the red carpet.

But tonight is Ian's night, and the audience have got their money's worth.

As could be expected, much of the entertainment at events such as this takes place outside the ring. With the bouts over and everyone packing up, ringside becomes the place to be as promoters, fans, hangers-on, dolly birds and assorted hacks gather to chew the fat.

There's a fair bit of backslapping going on, and this is the chance to pretend you're in the big time. No one's expecting Donald Trump, but a few more celebs wouldn't hurt — we've been expecting Fenech, but we get Dermott Brereton instead. It's not a fair swap, but it's still a bit of glamour, an opportunity for the punters to impress their girlfriends. Outside, a couple of guys kick at each other, disconsolately. What do they want? Melbourne's just not Las Vegas.

A Quality Set For Collectors Of Fine Hotels

Every city is unique, and when you visit it you want to experience its individuality.

That's why our hotels are not built to a format, but to a standard.

Each member of The Parkroyal Collection of hotels is as individual as its location, capturing the essence of its surroundings with its own distinct personality.

The common elements that link them all are the range and standard of top quality facilities and services, and the friendly helpfulness of the staff.

For reservations & information call Travlex central reservations: Australia Nationwide Free Call 008 222 446, Sydney (02) 267 2144. New Zealand Nationwide Freefone 0800 801 111, Auckland (09) 777 717.

THE PARKROYAL COLLECTION

Australia: *Sydney (3) • Manly • Parramatta • Northbeach, Wollongong • Melbourne (2) • Canberra • Adelaide • Perth • Brisbane (2).* **New Zealand:** *Auckland • Wellington • Christchurch • Queenstown.* **French Polynesia:** *Tahiti • Moorea • Bora Bora.* **Malaysia:** *Kuala Lumpur • Penang.* **Vietnam:** *Ho Chi Minh City.* **Indonesia:** *Lombok (1993) • Jakarta (1994).* **India:** *New Delhi (1992) • Goa (1994).*

SOUTHERN PACIFIC HOTELS

SPH 0454

FASCINATING
WITH THE EXTREME OF TABAC ORIGINAL
EAU DE TOILETTE
EXTREME
TABAC ORIGINAL
TABAC ORIGINAL
EAU DE TOILETTE
EXTREME
TABAC ORIGINAL
EAU DE TOILETTE EXTREME.
THE ULTIMATE
EXPRESSION OF
TABAC ORIGINAL.
UNIQUE. POWERFUL.
TIMELESS.